BRITANNIA and EVE

Day Russell
Ferdinand Tuohy
Negley Farson
Jane Gordon
F. Matania, R.I.

Christmas 1943

1/3

★ Hail POCKET! Farewell PLACKET ★

All the better for the 'Zwow' Pocket

GOR-RAY

Look for the 'GOR-RAY' LABEL

★ NEVER again need smart women fear to wear skirts because of their untidy plackets. GOR-RAY Skirts have no plackets to gape, no protruding buttons or other fasteners on the hips to spoil the line.

The exclusive 'ZWOW' Pocket, now on the right hand side of every GOR-RAY Skirt, not only provides a first class fastener but a pocket where it is most needed.

No wonder it is becoming more and more fashionable to wear GOR-RAY Skirts. Good drapers and stores can supply you.

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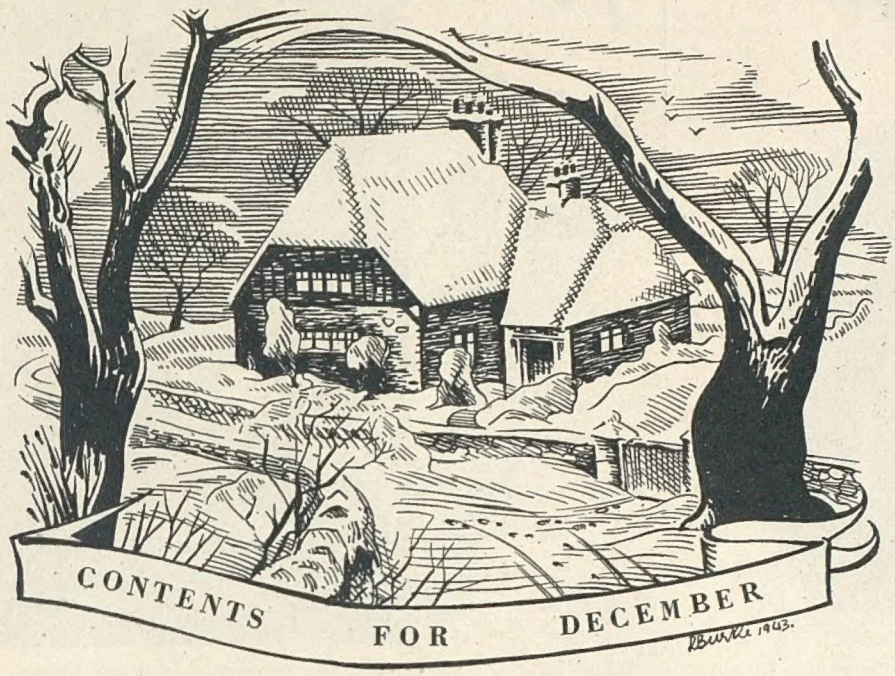
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 27, No. 6 DECEMBER, 1943



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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

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"66"
Raincoat
SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN
IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "66" RAINCOAT. SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER ARE STRICTLY LIMITED
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VALSTAR WORKS
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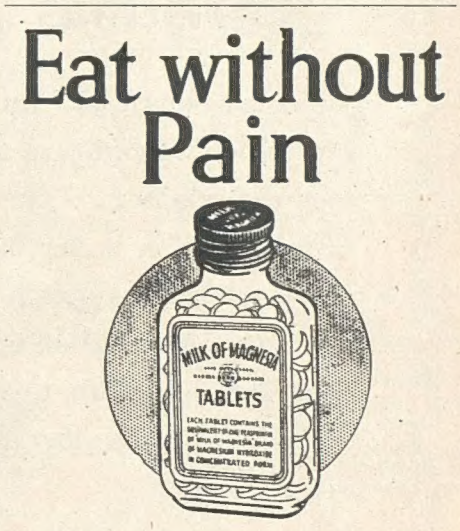

Eat without Pain
MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS
Is your system still trying to digest your last meal? You are troubled with wind round the heart and painful indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. This acid spoils every mouthful you eat. It makes food indigestible.
You can stop these distressing attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They remove the cause of digestive upset at once. Whatever you eat—your food remains sweet and digestible. The stomach functions naturally, without any painful after-effects. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets to-day.
'MILK OF MAGNESIA' BRAND (Regd.) TABLETS
'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Here's a woman carrying home all her Christmas presents!

She has solved the problem of Christmas presents. So easily, so quickly. Everything for the family . . . . for relatives . . . . for friends . . . . is in her handbag! Do as she did, get Savings Stamp Gift Cards and Gift Tokens. An absolute boon for busy people. Just the right Gifts to make this a Savings Christmas — this the most vital Christmas of the war.

MAKE THIS A *Savings Christmas*

AND THIS IS HOW TO DO IT . . . Get beautifully coloured National Savings Stamp Gift Cards from your Savings Group, Post Office, Trustee Savings Bank or War Savings Centre. They are free to purchasers of Savings Stamps. You can stamp them with 6d., 2/6 and 5/- Stamps. In addition there are Gift Tokens sold in units of 15/- up to any amount. These can be exchanged for Savings Certificates or used to make a deposit in the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Pomeroy still serves Beauty

For she was beautiful:
her beauty made
The bright world dim,
and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting
image of a shade
SHELLEY

The loveliness of Edwardian women was world-famous
Pomeroy served beauty then as it does today.

JEANNETTE POMEROY BEAUTY PRODUCTS ★ 27 Old Bond St., W.1

Pomeroy Skin Food Pomeroy Day Cream Pomeroy Beauty Milk
Pomeroy Lipstick Pomeroy Cleansing Cream Pomeroy Powder
*Prices from 2/10 to 16/6 * Inclusive of Purchase Tax*

2-ply coupon-saver!

Send 3d. in stamps to Dept. 53 for Booklet 968

P&B knitting wools
Made by PATONS & BALDWINS LTD
ALLOA SCOTLAND & HALIFAX ENGLAND

℗ 735

SAVE FUEL

Keep warm inside with

Unexcelled C&B since 1706

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

MOCK TURTLE · VEGETABLE · MEAT · MULLIGATAWNY · CONSOMME

Less Time for Housework - more need for

FOR LINOLEUM WOOD FLOORS AND FURNITURE
MANSION
ANTISEPTIC WAX
POLISH
EXCELLENT FOR THE LEATHER AND COACHWORK OF MOTORS, PERAMBULATORS ETC.

Many Housewives, who are giving so much time to furthering the war effort, find Mansion Polish a real help in keeping the home bright, clean and healthy.

BE SPARING IN USE – SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

For Floors Furniture and Linoleum

for Christmas

PERHAPS just because this *is* another war Christmas, you want to make things as old-time Christmassy as possible. There won't be any luxuries of course. We all know that men and ships are needed on far more important work than to bring us unessential foods. But the spirit of Christmas transforms simple, homely things . . .

What if there is no "bird"? With the aid of a savoury stuffing, mutton or lamb or beef can be made just as much of a change and just as tasty. Again, to see the children's delight is more than worth the little trouble of shaping biscuit pastry into little men, or toys and animals, and dotting them with sultanas or currants for eyes, nose and mouth; or of crushing a few boiled sweets and sprinkling them over the trifle or custard.

Do as much as you can of your actual cooking beforehand so that you can be free and fresh. It is *this* which will make Christmas for your family!

Christmas Pudding.

This will keep well: 8 *oz. flour*, 1½ *level teaspoons mixed spice*, 1 *level teaspoon cocoa*, 1 *level teaspoon baking powder*, 1½ *oz. sugar*, ½ *teaspoon nutmeg*, 3-4 *oz. suet, margarine or lard*, 1 *grated apple*, 8 *oz. dried fruit*, 1 *level teaspoon bicarb. soda*, 1½ *tablespoons black treacle* (or *syrup* and *gravy browning*), 1 *teacup cold tea or coffee*, 4 *eggs* (*reconstituted*).

METHOD: Mix all dry ingredients together. Rub in fat. Add grated apple and fruit. Dissolve soda in a little water, mix treacle with the tea and egg, and add the dissolved soda. Stir into the dry ingredients till of a soft consistency. Turn into greased basin; cover with greased paper and a pudding cloth. Steam or boil 2-3 hours. Cover with fresh paper and dry cloth when cold. Store in a dry place and examine occasionally.

Christmas Prune Cake.

3 *oz. sugar*, 4 *oz. margarine*, 1 *tablespoon syrup*, 8 *oz. flour*, 2 *level teaspoons baking powder*, *pinch of salt*,

1 *level teaspoon cinnamon*, 1 *level teaspoon mixed spice*, 4 *eggs* (*reconstituted*), ½ *lb. prunes, chopped*, 2 *oz. sultanas*, 3 *oz. dates, chopped*, ½ *teaspoon lemon substitute*, *milk to mix.*

METHOD: Cream sugar and margarine, add syrup. Mix flour, baking powder, salt and spices together. Add alternately with the egg to the creamed sugar and margarine, beat well. Add the fruit and lemon substitute and enough milk to make a fairly soft dough. Line a tin with greased paper, put in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for 2 hours.

N.B. When prunes are required for cakes, they can be placed in the oven for 10 minutes when the heat is turned off after cooking. They can then be easily chopped and stored for use. This method is more satisfactory than soaking.

Jam Whirls.

4 *oz. flour*, 2 *oz. margarine*, *water to mix*, *jam.*

METHOD: Rub ½ oz. margarine into the flour, add sufficient water to make a stiff dough. Roll out quite thinly,

spread remainder of margarine on the dough. Fold three times. Cover with cloth and allow to rest 2 hours. Roll out again, fold three times, allow to rest ½ hour. Roll out again to roughly 8 inches square. Spread with jam, roll up like a Swiss roll, cut into slices ¼ inch thick, place on a greased baking tin and cook in a moderate oven. Turn over when brown at the bottom so that both sides get brown.

Apple & Celery Stuffing

4 *oz. breadcrumbs*, 2 *oz. chopped onion*, 4 *oz. celery*, 4 *tablespoons apple pulp*, 2 *teaspoons sage*, 2 *level teaspoons salt*, *pepper* (sufficient for 4).

METHOD: Mix all together. Stuff joint or cook in greased tin.

N.B. For a change of flavour, use 2 teaspoons nutmeg instead of sage. Grated apple may be used instead of apple pulp.

Ginger and Apple Drink.

This is a delightful fruit drink; and is excellent cold or hot. 1 *apple*, 3 *pints water*, 2 *tablespoons jam*, 3 *level teaspoons ginger*, 6 *saccharine tablets*, *few drops lemon substitute.*

METHOD: Wash apple and cut into small pieces (retaining skin and core) put into a pan with the water, jam and ginger. Simmer gently till well flavoured (about ½ hour). Add the saccharine and lemon substitute. Strain and serve hot or cold.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S78)

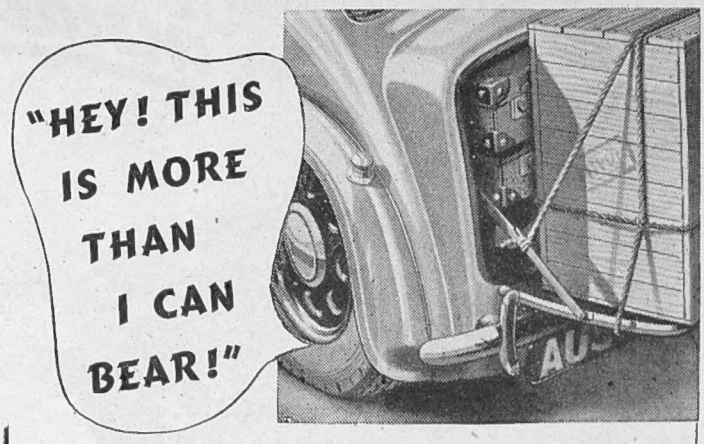
"Saving grace..."

This coat is not only a wonderful coupon-saver but it has all the other graces too . . . Cosy warmth . . . superb cut . . . that '*Hershelle look*' . . . Of all-wool velour cloth . . .

Hershelle MODEL

. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS



Overloading produces localised stresses in tyre walls. Ruptured fabric and broken casings soon result. Overinflation cannot make up for overloading—it only renders the rubber more liable to cuts. However keen you are to see your Austin give of its utmost in its wartime job, never exceed the load specified for your tyres. Remember, your Austin can take it—but can your tyres?

HELP YOUR AUSTIN TO HELP THE COUNTRY

Read the AUSTIN MAGAZINE—*it contains useful tips—4d monthly*

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM 8.1.214

FOOD AIDS TO BEAUTY No. 3

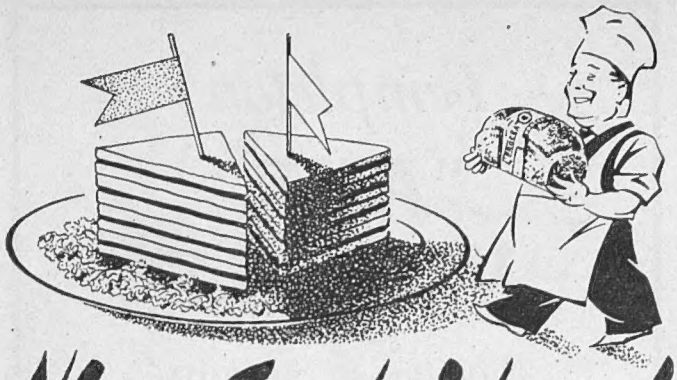
Just as they planned it

It's their first leave. Last night they danced till late. Up early this morning and a ten mile walk. Seven days' precious leave — not a moment to be wasted. No headaches, dull looks or tired days to spoil the holiday. How does she keep so vital? There is always a sparkle in her eyes and a laugh in her voice. She is young it is true — 19, but she has the stamina of an older girl. What is her secret? Just good health. She looks after herself. Eats the right foods. She is not particularly fond of potatoes but she eats a lot of them. Potatoes are rich in energy-producing starch. She includes green vegetables, raw or lightly cooked, whenever she can get them — a food that keeps her skin fresh and clear. In her choice of cosmetics, in order to protect and preserve her natural and healthy beauty, she shows the same care and good judgment — she uses COTY.

P.S. *This advertisement is sponsored by* COTY *in support of the Ministry of Food. It is part of the* COTY *Wartime Beauty Service.*

When it comes to "Utility"—and good as your peace-time Meridian was, it cannot last for ever—then you cannot do better than rely on "Utility Wear by Meridian," because coupons are precious.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. *Est. 1815.* Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade



Nicer Sandwiches!

Half the success of a sandwich is in the bread you use. You can make nicer sandwiches with Procea Bread. It cuts excellently into thick or thin slices. And it stays fresh for days. Rich in health-giving proteins but no excess starch. Ask your Baker or write for name of nearest distributor to

PROCEA PRODUCTS LIMITED,
Cambridge Works, Hanwell, London, W.7

Procea Bread

They're Friendly They're Smart They're Hutton's

In a full range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

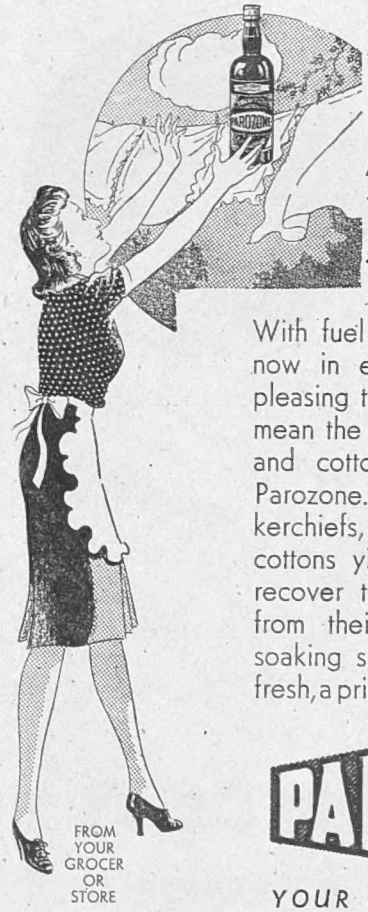
Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

Mother!
Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.



No stoking.. just soaking

The save fuel way to snow white loveliness

With fuel economy the watchword now in every home, it is highly pleasing to know that this does not mean the end of snow white linens and cottons . . . not if you use Parozone. Bed linen, towels, handkerchiefs, and all white linens and cottons yield alike to its magic—recover their lost beauty, emerge from their Parozone *cold* water soaking spotlessly white, fragrantly fresh, a pride and pleasure to the eye.

PAROZONE

YOUR LINENS & COTTONS

PAROZONE *for* MUSTARD GAS *Parozone should be applied, full strength, to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately, or within five minutes. Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.*

Jennifer Graham

HANDMADE COSMETICS

Obtainable only at Leading Stores

SANDORA LTD., Waxwell Farm House, Pinner, Middlesex

Templeton's

"AYR" WOOLS

Limited in quantity
Supreme in quality

Wools are scarce — AYR WOOLS *so mend and make do*

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners • AYR • SCOTLAND

"Underarm moisture worries me stiff"

"Fly to Milton rinse —it's wizard!"

Recipe for Milton rinse —1 teaspoonful of 'Milton' in a glass of water. After washing, rinse underarms carefully. All odour will vanish. 'Milton' is a great friend to women—read the leaflet round the bottle. 'Milton' costs 8d. &1/11½d.

Milton

THE HYPOCHLORITE ANTISEPTIC

Happier!

..she's eating

MORE WEETABIX

–that's why!

Mummy gives her Weetabix three or four times a day—with milk for breakfast; with jam or butter mid-morning—and sometimes for supper as well! Yet she never tires of it! Plenty of Weetabix is making her healthy and happy. Whether or not you can get Weetabix depends on where you live, for all cereals are now "zoned." If you can get it you are doubly lucky, for Weetabix gives more Food-Value-per-Point! Keep it first on your list.

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½d
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1d

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. ZW26A

Please leave Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

USE BISTO.... AND HELP THE WAR EFFORT

RICH THICK GRAVY
HELPS THE KITCHEN FRONT

Part Time Work and Liberty Shoes

Liberty Shoes have been such a help in doing my bit for the war. I get through everything without tired feet now that I Walk with Liberty. I have never before had such spruce, fashionable shoes that give me so much comfort. I can wear them all day quite happily. They wear as well as they look, too.

Liberty Shoes Ltd.
LEICESTER

B.E.4

We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished article. Owing to the large demand, we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which this steel can be supplied.

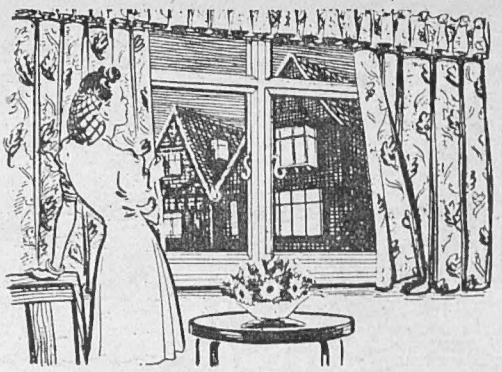
FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LIMITED

Many happy returns

to the good things

of life—

Schweppes



When we banish blackout

There'll be ample supplies when it's goodbye to the blackout . . . . enough "Rufflette" curtain tape, hooks, and rings for every gaily curtained window. Meantime, although our stockists receive a fair share of the limited stocks available, you may be kept waiting. With the output of the factories rigidly controlled it is impossible to keep pace with the demand.

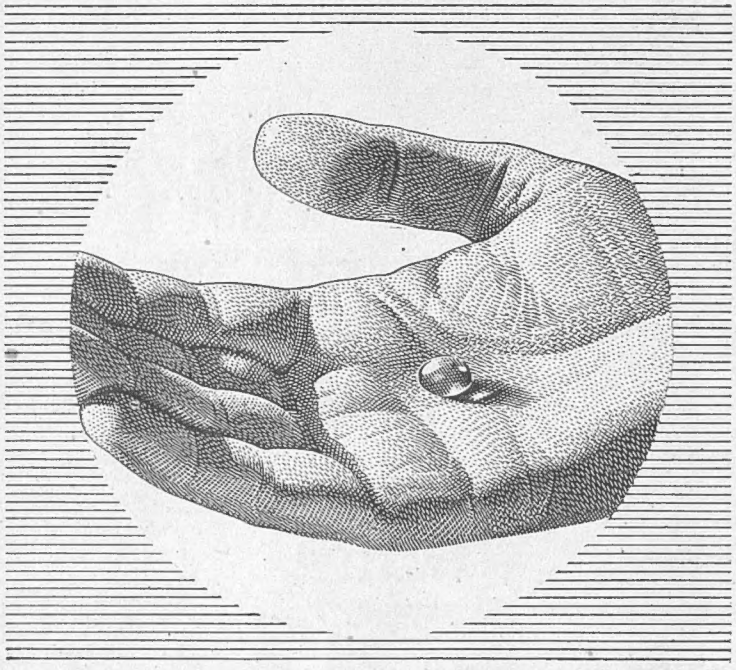
'Rufflette'
BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS, LTD.

Factories: MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE : FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.
London Office: 156, OXFORD ST., W.1. *Also* British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.

A French's product



AN ESSENTIAL OF WARTIME DIET

STORED IN this tiny capsule are two vitamins without which it is impossible to maintain health. They are 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D and, unfortunately, they are not always readily obtainable in a wartime diet.

A daily dose of Crookes' Halibut Oil—one of the richest natural sources of these vitamins—will build up your resistance and stamina and prove of inestimable value during this fifth winter of war.

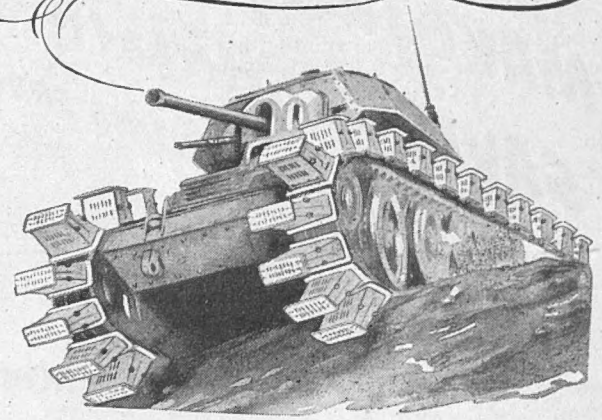
CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—per bottle of 100—8/6 · Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-

CI

Tanks can't run on toasters



—So G.E.C. Toasters are temporarily unobtainable, the same as most other of the Company's Household Electric Appliances, to reappear after the war in new and better designs, to give you a fresh appreciation of how much electricity can do in the home; but until then metal and labour must be diverted to priority requirements.

G.E.C.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

Britannia and Eve Christmas 1943

"I wouldn't let a man of mine do a thing like that to me, not in the middle of my honeymoon. No, Sir!" Gertie banged another glass on the bar and I wondered it didn't shatter

They Also Serve

who only wait in harbour

By **Day Russell**

I WAS a bit fed up about missing the Italian show and I went out of London to look up Gertie, an old friend of mine. Gertie presides behind the bar of the Admiral Benbow, a very ancient hostelry that overlooks the harbour of a little fishing village on the South Coast. Gertie is not given to effusive welcomes. As I pushed open the door into the taproom she looked up from behind her bar, where she was polishing glasses with all the vigour of a plump hundred and eighty pounds.

"Well," she says, "it never rains but it pours. 'Ere 's another of them. And we 're not open yet."

With that she turned to a young sub-lieutenant who was draped against the bar.

"Another Canadian," she said. "Newspaperman; so you 'd better keep your lips buttoned up or he 'll have your story out of you before you can say Jack Robinson."

I brightened up immediately.

"Canadian, eh?"

The young man nodded gloomily. It was not a naturally gloomy face. It had blue eyes, sandy hair and a band of freckles across the face that was vaguely familiar.

"Yes," said Gertie, "you can't miss 'em. Even if they didn't have them shoulder flashes you 'd know 'em by their brass, and when I says brass, I means that impudent look in their eyes when they looks at a lady."

Gertie was obviously referring to herself. Gertie is a lady of great character. Her hair is as red as a carrot, and set in little ringlets close over her head. Her face is somewhat florid and her figure tends towards the buxom, but she is regarded among motor torpedo-boat crews as a patron saint, mother-confessor, and a tower of strength in times of trouble. In brief, they love her—a collective kind of love.

I crossed to the wide bay windows that overlooked the harbour below, and I saw the tattered camouflage nets strung over the motor-boat pens. Usually at this time of the morning the place would be a hive of industry, with crews swarming over the M.T.B.s, cleaning guns, tinkering with engines and busy with all the replenishment and care which must be lavished on high-speed craft which are always on active service.

"Quiet down there, isn't it?"

"It 's only a rumour. Old Sobersides is giving the new boys a lecture."

"New boys?"

"Yes, all the old crowd 'ave gone . . . invadin' Italy . . . all, that is, except Eagle-eye 'ere."

"Eagle-eye?"

"They calls him Eagle-eye because he used to be a goalie in this ice-hockey game you Canadians play."

That was it. Now I knew why his face was vaguely familiar. I turned to him.

"Didn't you play for Queens that time at the Forum in Montreal when——"

I didn't finish. He turned on his heel and stalked out of the Admiral Benbow. Gertie put her finger to her lips to enjoin me to silence. The door slammed.

Gertie took up another glass, polished it furiously.

"For a man what 's supposed to be ecstatically 'appy he 's the gloomiest one I ever did see."

I knew there was a story and that Gertie couldn't keep it to herself.

"It gets 'im all the more upset when anyone talks about this ice-hockey," she began.

I settled myself easily against the bar. "I thought Old Sobersides went for Canadian ice-hockey players." Old Sobersides is the admiral in command of the light coastal forces in these parts.

"So he does. So he does. Can't get enough of 'em. Says they 'ave speed and dash without losing their 'eads in a scramble. But he knows what I know: give 'em an inch and they 'll take a mile." Gertie muttered under her br ath and banged a glass dangerously hard down on the bar. "The brass of it!"

"Brass of what?" I echoed, knowing just how to draw her on.

"Deserting a girl in the middle of his honeymoon!"

"What!"

Gertie was pleased at the way she had jerked that exclamation out of me. She leaned confidentially towards me.

"And she was one of the nicest girls you ever did see, real class; quiet-like, but one of the real good ones."

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

"But you don't mean to say——"

"I do, and it 's a shame. 'E 's supposed to be away on leave this very minute right in the middle of his honeymoon. I tell you, they thinks more of them there boats than they do of their own flesh and blood. It was more than 'e could bear, I suppose, to think of them all going away and leaving 'im behind."

"But the girl——"

Gertie shook her head and picked up another glass. "A real lovely type, she was. Mark you, not one of your soft, clinging kind; real character, she had."

There was the rattle of an ancient taxi pulling up outside with a squeaking of brakes. Gertie looked up and listened. "Now who could that be?" We both listened. There was a sound of crisp steps on the porch. The door opened.

"Oh my!" gasped Gertie. "It 's 'er!"

A crisp, cool sub-lieutenant of the Wrens marched in. I stared. She had one of those controlled chiselled faces that look so well over a uniform, particularly over navy blue.

"Hello, Gertie! Have you seen him?"

"Yes, dearie. This was, what you might say, 'is first port of call. Quite upset, 'e was."

"Wouldn't you be upset? All your old flotilla sent away and you left behind."

"I always gets left behind," said Gertie. Gertie was shocked at her cool manner. "But I should 'ave thought under the circumstances as 'ow you ought to be a bit upset."

"My family has always been in the Navy, and we understand . . ."

"But you mean to say he up and left you without so much as——" Gertie paused for lack of words strong enough to express her feelings.

"What else should a man do?" The crisp, cool sub-lieutenant let her eyes glance at the third person—me—in the taproom, and then calmly ignored my presence. "Where is he?"

"Gone down to the harbour; can't keep away from them boats."

"Has he seen the admiral?"

"Old Sobersides? No, 'e 's in the village hall giving 'ell to the new crowd what came in yesterday." Gertie turned to me. "Proper tartar, 'e is." Then she turned back to the girl. "I wouldn't let a man of mine do a thing like that to me, not in the middle of my honeymoon. No, sir!" Gertie banged another glass on the bar and I wondered it didn't shatter.

Then, if you please, the cool, crisp sub-lieutenant winked at me and smiled at Gertie. "You 're a darling, Gertie, but you wouldn't understand."

With that she waved a hand and the door slammed behind her. Through the bay window I watched her as she marched down the hill to the harbour. The hair that sat so neatly under the back of her attractive navy hat sparkled with life as the sun caught it. Eagle-eye, I thought to myself, you are a very lucky man.

But Gertie's mutterings were distracting me.

"Well!" she was repeating to herself. "Well!"

"Well what?"

"Well, I never!"

Gertie began to recover herself. "Well!" she echoed. "You can't say as 'ow they didn't ask for it."

I waited a little and then Gertie began. "Yes," she said, "he had it coming to him, as you Canadians might say. Too much brass, that 's what he 's got, and Old Sobersides is going to rub a bit of it off. You know Old Sobersides—won't have anything to do with any boys what tangles themselves up with wimmen. If 'e hears of any of them getting engaged, off they goes to the big boats or the minesweepers. He says for the M.T.B.s they 've got to 'ave their minds on their jobs—and I ain't saying as 'e isn't right."

"But what about this pair?"

"Well, that 's a story in itself. I 'll never forget the first time Eagle-eye comes in 'ere. It don't need any of those shoulder flashes to tell me when it 's a Canadian. 'E starts flirtin' in the first minute just to try and get me to give him 'alf a pint out of hours.

"'All right,' I says, 'sugar 's rationed, and as far as you 're concerned, so is beer. If Old Sobersides found I was serving out of hours, 'e 'd run me out of 'ouse and 'ome.'

"'Stickler, is 'e?' says Eagle-eye.

"There, there, don't take it hard," said Gertie. "If that explosion got 'im it didn't 'urt, and if it didn't you ain't got nothing to worry about"

"'E is,' says I.

"Then, if you please, who comes in but Popsy: that 's 'er nickname round 'ere, even if she doesn't look it. Well, as soon as them two see one another they are in a clinch. 'Darling!' she says. 'Darling!' he says. And the way they look at one another I know it 's love. There 's no mistaking love."

Gertie put a glass down gently and picked another up and began rubbing it sentimentally. "No, there 's no mistaking love, and they 'ad it, both of 'em; as bad a case as ever I did see.

"'Ho, ho,' I says to meself, 'what 's this?' Then Popsy, she turns to me, and although, just 'aving seen her, you won't believe me, she 's blinking back tears of 'appiness from her eyes, and all the starch 'as gone out of her. 'Gertie,' she says, 'not a word—it 's secret.'

"Then I says, firmlike: 'I 'm having no truck with secrets. You know Old Sobersides won't have nothink to do with love.'

"'That 's it,' she says. And then she tells me all.

"It appears she 'd met 'im up in London when they was both on leave and 'ow it was love at first sight. Then it appears she told him about Old Sobersides,

" The third boat is the one what 's carrying the explosives, and when 'e lets that boat have it there 's the most awful explosion that shakes us even 'ere and lights up the whole bay "

her boss here, about how he liked Canadians, particularly them what played this 'ere ice-hockey. So then, with her giving him the inside track, he applies for a transfer, and that 's how he turns up here and falls into that clinch with her.

" So I wash me hands of them and I feel a kind of pity for the two of them, so young-like, thinking they can fool Old Sobersides."

Gertie set yet another glass down on her bar and sighed. She brushed a plump hand over her mass of ringlets.

" Well," she began, " when Eagle-eye, Sub-Lieutenant McBride, that is, reports to Old Sobersides, the fireworks begin. Old Sobersides, 'e always likes to talk with his young men and sum 'em up private-like. Well, he looks at Eagle-eye's confidential report which is lying on his desk, and then he looks up at 'im and, as you saw for yourself, he 's the kind of boy that would warm any father's heart—I 'm not saying what he 'd do to a girl's heart 'cos you saw that for yourself. Well, the admiral looks up at 'im and says : ' I see you play this 'ere ice-hockey.'

" ' Yes, sir,' says Eagle-eye ; or ' Aye, aye, sir,' whatever it is they say in the Navy.

" ' Interesting,' says the admiral ; ' interesting, and, if I might ask,' says he quiet-like, ' what position do you play ? '

" ' Goalie,' says Eagle-eye, innocent-like.

" With that Old Sobersides sits quite still, and 'is face, which is always pink like a sunset, begins to hoist storm signals. When it 's dark purple, 'e says, ' Goalie ! ' His voice is quiet, like that still moment before the storm breaks. Then he bangs 'is fist on his desk and he bawls somethink awful at poor Eagle-eye, saying things which no lady could repeat, but which in effect says that 'is motor-torpedo-boats are a weapon of offence, and what the devil do those fools up in London think they are doing when they send him a man whose only talent seems to be stopping bits of hard rubber with an outsize bit of stick from going in an oversize net. Well, you can get the idea. It seems Eagle-eye wasn't a bit popular, and when he went out into the office where Popsy—she 's the admiral's secretary—works, he looks a bit off-colour. Then Popsy, who 's heard the admiral bawling, tells him not to take it too 'ard because it 's the admiral's way.

" Well, Eagle-eye—'e 's the outspoken type—and he 's just saying what 'e thinks and she 's calming 'im down, when out comes Old Sobersides from 'is office and sees them. Well, if there 's one thing 'e won't 'ave round 'ere it 's that thing what passes between the eyes of girls and boys in the springtime ; there was a poet that wrote all about it once, so maybe you know more about it than me.

" Anyway, 'e was about to make Popsy take a letter sending Eagle-eye back to the Admiralty up in London with 'is compliments and whatever else they liked to make of it. But 'e sees the two of them and 'e thinks it is about time the station was taught a lesson.

" So 'e keeps Eagle-eye and 'e fair puts 'im through his paces, and when she 's on duty, 'e 's off duty, and *vice versa*, until the pore young things don't know whether they 're coming or going. And what 's worse, 'e never lets Eagle-eye forget 'e was a goalie and 'e puts 'im time and again on routine patrol up and down outside the 'arbour.

"What the devil!" splutters Old Sobersides. Eagle-eye salutes smartly. "Goalie reporting enemy attack but no score, Sir"

"Well, it gets Eagle-eye into quite a state, what with loving Popsy and never seeing her, and hating Old Sobersides and seeing too much of him. But give 'im his due, 'e don't mope; 'e just comes up 'ere and what 'e doesn't say about Old Sobersides is nobody's business, but his language ain't fit for the ears of a lady, and many 's the time I tell him so."

Gertie paused to put down a glass, gently picked up another, and held it to examine it in the light. The climax of her story was obviously on the way.

"Well, there comes one of them nights when there is a bit of a do on and there 's nothing Old Sobersides likes better than taking the Admiral's Barge—that 's what 'e calls 'is M.T.B.—and going along with the boys. They say as it 's the only time the old buffer is seen to smile.

"Anyway, at the last moment the Barge 'as a bit of trouble, so Old Sobersides does a quick look round, and 'e can't bear to miss the show, which is a Jerry convoy skulking along the French coast, so he picks on Eagle-eye and 'e says: 'Get out; I 'm taking over your boat to-night.'

"Eagle-eye ain't 'alf mad, but he salutes smartly and 'e says: 'Aye, aye, sir. Is there anythink else you want me to do, sir, while you 're away?'

(*Continued on p.* 53)

the Forgotten Christmas

Memories of Some Wonderful Yuletides

By C. Patrick Thompson

"I'LL join you later," said dad in Provisions, and grandmamma, mamma and the children left him in that lofty white hall which was festooned with turkeys, geese, fat ducks, and big roasting chickens, and stacked with joints of beef and pork, and masses of sausage meat for stuffings.

They passed through Groceries, where long rows of Irish and Wiltshire hams hung over the bacon counter, and there were kegs of yellow Cornish butter and large square blocks of Danish butter, hillocks of nuts : walnuts and brazils, and Barcelonas and almonds, stacks of boxes of golden tangerines and mandarins bedded in silver paper, preserves frosted thickly with sugar, caviare in pots and caviare in large cans, and *foie gras* which had been flown in from Strasbourg.

And so came to Fairyland.

Crowds of twittering children of all ages were wandering there, over smooth green turf, through forest glades, and under flowering cherry trees in which live canaries sang (two hundred workmen had been toiling for a fortnight, and the management for two months, to create this high spot of the store for Christmas). But three-year-old Jack and five-year-old Jill did not pay much attention to the Fairy Queen and her attendant sprites. For in this toy fair were assembled the pick of the toys from England, America, Austria, Czechoslovakia and a dozen other countries.

Real engines from the famous Hornby works, locomotives which whistled and steamed. Dolls in silk dresses and dolls dressed as ballerinas, big, beautiful dolls with real hair and real eyelashes, dolls which opened and closed their eyes, walked, and even said "Mamma" and "Dadda." Dolls' prams and houses, and furniture. Toy soldiers, regiments fully equipped with guns which popped. Motor boats and steamboats, and model aeroplanes which actually flew. Teddy bears and furry bunnies, and quaint cats with bells round their necks. A thousand different toys, and every kind of game.

Grandmamma said grimly to mamma : "This gives me some competition." Mamma said, a week later, that it seemed to have given her some ideas, too, for after the children's party at grandmamma's big house was over, and the tall lighted tree in the drawing-room had been stripped of its oranges and bananas and candies and gifts, the bowls of fresh fruit salad and trifle heaped with cream were empty, the little pink iced cakes all gone, and the kids had been taken home and put to bed, mum and dad, driving back again for their family Christmas dinner, found big torches spluttering in the iron sconces high on the gate pillars, making a red glow on the rutted snow at the entrance, as in the old days when carriages brought guests, and the elm trees flanking the drive winked and glowed with little coloured lights.

Ah, those forgotten Christmases !

Three million children in this island under the age of seven don't remember what a pre-war Christmas was like. They won't get much hint from the fifth of the blacked-out war Christmases, which looks like being, in some ways, more austere than its predecessors. Child and adult alike will find in it fewer of the things that go to make Christmas a gay festival. What is left is smaller, paler, poorer.

Mars, personified by the Ministry of Supply and the Board of Trade, has moved in on that toy fair with a spiked mace and manacles. The big toy firms have moved over to munition making, and control of supplies and prices does the rest. Some time back ye olde English toy-makers gathered round a big table at the call of the Board of Trade—a committee to settle details of control of their industry.

"Now," said one old gentleman wisely, "what do we mean by a toy?" This held up the proceedings. They had to seek the answer in the dictionary. A toy, they found, is an article of primary instruction with an entertainment value. This stunned some of the hoariest members of the trade, who had been making toys all their lives without ever knowing just what they were doing.

Some of the biggest and best of the wooden toys used to come from the States. Masses of cheaper toys of all kinds were shipped in from Austria and Czechoslovakia. Junk, but plenty of it, came from Germany and Japan. There was something for all, at prices to suit all.

To-day, metal is banned for toy-making. So is almost everything else that can be utilised for war. There is no plush, and so there are no Teddy bears. The lead soldier died long ago—he was melted down to make bullets for guns and battery-plates for bombers. Model aeroplanes are grabbed by the Air Training Corps for instructional purposes. Dolls—but the authority I talked to averted his (*Continued on page* 62)

The Bells Ring Out Again

Tides of Pealing Music will again Flood from the Towers this Christmas

Written and Illustrated by

Will F. Taylor

VIEWING the scene as a whole it is probably true to say that in the English landscape the church tower takes a greater part than it does anywhere else in the world. These tall towers are the reflection in architecture of the love of church bells which has for centuries been so strongly marked in the affections of the English people. The bells have been silent for some years of war, but may now open freely their voice. The tides of the pealing music will again flood from the towers this Christmas over the countryside or tumble down among the roofs and gables of the towns. There is nothing which speaks more clearly of old faiths and old traditions than the pealing of the bells from the old tower.

Outside this island bells are usually rung by hitting the stationary bell with the clapper. The English method is to swing the bell almost a complete circle so that the clapper hits with greater force when the open mouth is at the top of the swing, releasing a much greater and richer note.

A remarkable book which expresses the skill and passion of bell-ringers is *The Nine Tailors* by Miss Dorothy Sayers, which should, I suppose, be classified as "detective fiction," but is, almost equally, a treatise on campanology. Here is a quotation: "The bells gave tongue . . . rioting and exulting high up in the dark tower, wide mouths rising and falling, brazen tongues clamouring, huge wheels turning to the dance of the leaping ropes . . . little Gaude. Silver Sabaoth, strong John and Jericho, glad Jubilee, sweet Dimity and old Batty Thomas, with great Tailor Paul bawling and striding like a giant in the midst of them."

The builders of a great steeple need good materials and the best stones in England lie in layers of the oolite limestone in a belt'

Canterbury Cathedral: Its three towers dominate the whole of the town. For over 1,000 years this cathedral has been the headquarters of the Church of England

Wells Cathedral: From the north-west. Another example of the triple tower type. Probably the complete medieval ideal was to crown each tower with a spire

Northleach Church: Its embattled tower, which is excellent in design and proportion, mothers its family of roofs on the open slopes of the hill-top wolds

Boston: One of the most splendid parish church steeples in England. The bells must be the loftiest in this country

of rocks from Dorset to Lincoln. The centre of this geological district is the famous Cotswold country from Bath northwards towards Stratford-on-Avon. Here the people, growing rich with the wool trade, built splendidly in the fifteenth century.

At Cirencester, capital of the Cotswold, the tall tower, rather over decorated, makes a romantic background to the busy market-place. Avening church is the centre of its village in a deep valley; the taller tower at Northleach mothers its family of roofs on the open slopes of the hill-top wolds; at Chipping Campden the splendid church hides away

reminder that even at that early date the practice was already established in England that the main tower should be at the west end of the church, such a special practice of this country. Professor Prior considers that originally these Saxon western towers were used as towers of refuge with the church an outer defence line, and with no access to the upper tower except by ladder.

In Lincolnshire the oolithic stones have helped to give the county the three loftiest and most splendid parish church steeples in all England. The first to be built was that at Grantham, and the tower and lofty spire, flanked by the two

Earls Barton, Northamptonshire: Note the primitive but effective ornament of this tower

South Repps Church: The tower of this Norfolk church is the second highest in that county

Ashburton Church, Devon: The towers in this county are tall, bold and stern

from the secular beauties of the wonderful old street.

Among the many Cotswold churches there is perhaps no one special type, but when the limestone belt crosses into Northamptonshire the stone there is used for a strongly defined group of magnificent churches, the most marked feature of which is a tower surmounted by a lofty stone broached spire. There is perhaps hardly any other feature of English church architecture better known or more imitated by the Gothic Revivalists, often with unhappy results, away from its special locality.

The Saxon tower at Earls Barton in this same county, with its primitive but effective arcaded ornament, is a

Shepstor: A simple granite tower in a tiny Dartmoor village

Lavenham Church, Suffolk: This grand fifteenth-century tower stands among the fields just outside what was, when it was built, a busy manufacturing town

wings of the west front, make a design which perhaps only Salisbury steeple can rival or surpass. The belfry stage houses a peal of ten bells well over a hundred feet above ground and the spire goes on to a height of 280 feet. A hundred years after the building of Grantham steeple the people of Boston set out to rival it and ended their work eight feet higher. Boston Stump as it is nicknamed, must be visible over a wider area than is any other English tower; over many square miles of the flat fenland and from far out to sea. From the culminating lantern shone forth a seamark light. The bells in the third stage must be the loftiest hung peal in England, and the tower must be sound work to stand the vibrations.

At the very end of the medieval period the town of Louth built their steeple, and to beat Boston carried it a further twelve feet, up to 300 in all. It is a grand sight, either near for its details, or far off from the Wold slopes west of the town. Lincoln folk seem to like to build high, for the three towers of the cathedral which group impressibly to-day on the hill-top, used to be all crowned by lead and wood spires. That on the central tower reached 525 feet, till it was blown down in 1547, and the beautiful fourteenth-century design is probably happier without it. It was called "Lady Bell Steeple" (*Continued on page* 60)

Yules Not *in the* Rules

By Ferdinand Tuohy

"A streamlined comely land girl beats them all"

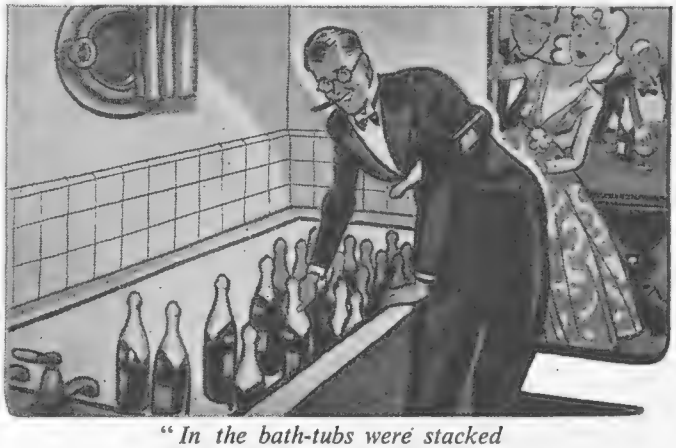
"Among the immediate post-war boons is listed the air-conditioned Yuletide—and heated boots and clothing for without"

THE fifth Christmas "last time," the war was over. Woodrow Wilson was being feted in Rome, and Lloyd George had just seen off Foch and Clémenceau from Victoria.

Yet, if victory capitals acted madly, the Allied vanguard on the Rhine was damp and subdued, reflective and full of memories, as befits Christmas as well as any organised frivolity. And there is a high chance that their successors of twenty-five years later will be similarly thrown upon themselves, since Italians, and southerners in general, do not celebrate Christmas other than as a holy day having primacy over others; nor are they likely to be in the mood any more than the 1918 Germans in Cologne.

There were thrills to be had in Cologne cathedral that midnight. Here was the Dom packed with Germans and with British khaki: R.C., C. of E., everything; Tommies standing beside Feldgraus they'd just been fighting. As a climax, victors who didn't know the words of "Heilige Nacht," swelled the Germans' singing of that lovely air.

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley



"In the bath-tubs were stacked champagne bottles by the dozen"

Except for these last three years, when one has returned to England, home, and land girls—a streamlined, comely land girl beats them all—my Christmases seem to have been distinctly on the mobile side. I remember how a Frenchman in a train was once taken aback.

"Mais le home?" he ejaculated. "How does it make itself that a Britannic circulates on the day of Christmas?"

As a fact, it was an excellent day on which to circulate, because the trains were usually only half full. So far as one can, do what others are not doing. This may sound anti-social, but it's peaceful.

Christmases are unquestionably growing warmer and warmer. None the less, artifice is going to speed things. Among the immediate post-war boons is listed the air-conditioned yuletide of regulated indoor temperature, and heated boots and clothing for without. Even at arctic airports, barely more than nose-tip and moustache should then be left exposed. Due, I suppose, to breathing near them, moustaches freeze with utmost celerity. One Christmas morn I stepped from a C.P.R. train at Port Arthur, took a turn and immediately developed what felt like a solid chunk on the upper lip.

Port Arthur was, with Haparanda, the coldest spot I ever chanced upon. But, happily, there was central-heating in both instances. Before leaving Montreal I had been presented with two flagons of Royal Scotch cream, while at Haparanda there was drip-feed Vodka. This Lapp link between the West and Russia also produced the coldest motoring: several miles of slithering over the ice between railheads, in an old open Tin Lizzie. The huge, low, blood-red noonday sun adding to one's shivers.

Now, for a really comfortable Noel, there was Lily Langtry's little house suspended above Monaco. First, a stroll down on the terrace in champagne air. Next, champagne, *pâté-de-foie*, mullet, duck, le pudding. Then a bright fire, coffee and cigar, while milady, reclining on a couch, agreed to have her hand-written memoirs slightly osteopathed. She was then seventy-three, and though within a year or so of extinction, kept a five o'clock regular appointment to dance at the Café de Paris with a professional young man, of whom she spoke with respect.

"More so-called gigolos than the world suspects are gentlemen," pronounced a tamer of kings and princes. "People will imagine all kinds of things, but we ripening ones simply dance to keep healthy."

"The loveliness of Monte Carlo that December"

My last foreign Christmas was at Monte Carlo—1939. I was writing a book on democracy's leaders, nearly all of whom promptly crashed. But never be discouraged when paid in advance. What memory has stored is the loveliness of Monte that December. Gone the nervous, gaudy bustle. Here was beauty in repose. A saunter in the charming blue-out, along silent, canyon-like streets under the starriest sky, is a Monte Carlo experience worth preserving.

I've told you this is a mobile story, and another Christmas found me trouserless in a Paris hospital. That resulted from a slight contretemps with Napoleon's column in the Place Vendome. I did not lose my trousers in the crash: they were removed from the ward by doctor's orders because I wanted (*Continued on page 62*)

"Scheduled hilarity can give some a sinking feeling"

Eight o'Clock in the Morning

A Triangle Drama of Youth, Beauty and Espionage

By

Laurence Meynell

HANSON'S fingers tightened twistingly in her hair until she was forced to call out for the pain. The sound amused him but his voice was not amused, it was deadly serious. "Eva, we have got to get the information. The last attack on Essen was dreadful"

"OFF for a walk?"

Chiltern Fossdyke nodded.

"Solo?"

Another nod of the dark, handsome head.

"Where to?"

Inwardly Chiltern cursed the padre for being altogether too damned inquisitive, but his soft voice answered evenly enough:

"Marlingham."

"'The Black Dog,' eh? What's your E.T.A.—seven o'clock?"

Chiltern smiled, as in masculine duty bound to, at the joke, but as he walked away he was writhing—in God's name what business was it of anybody's, anybody's, let alone the God botherers, where he went to and why and when—and that irritating use of service slang, E.T.A. indeed, especially from a man who could hardly tell an airscrew from an oleo leg, riled him unbearably. Sometimes he could have screamed in the ante-room at the constant criticism of the stale, weary phrases. The inescapability of it irked so, in the ante-room, at mealtime, at corners in the NAAFI, even amongst aircrews themselves when they went for a night out in the neighbouring town—pranged, stooged, type, good show, bang-on, you've had it—language seemed a banal circumscribed thing deliberately designed to remind you of your prison bars.

"Off to Marlingham?" his navigator shouted. "Be good."

Young Fossdyke grinned knowingly, as though to indicate that the advice was useless, but actually he had no intention of going to Marlingham with its dingy streets, its three hotels, its two picture theatres, all glittering meretriciously with the unhealthy excitement of uniform and people (especially women) suffering from uniformitis. All Fossdyke intended to do was to walk alone in the country. The lanes were prettier to the north of the station, but this entailed crossing the drome to get to them and Fossdyke felt that he had looked his fill for the day on the giant birds of prey that stood about in the dispersals, evilly graceful. He turned south, took a field path that he had used before and when it hit the road again, turned left along a lane which was new to to him. It ran for a mile exposed between low hedges and wide black ditches, then turned a sharp corner and dipped into a wooded hollow, a width of silver birches on either hand.

Fossdyke smelt a wood fire and sniffed eagerly. His senses were hungry and aware. He whipped off his forage cap and tucked it under his arm and the evening wind played gentle havoc with tumbling brown hair. Automatically he assessed direction and strength of wind and simultaneously cursed himself for doing so—to have to listen to shop from others was bad, to talk shop to oneself fatal.

Peewit? Rat? Ears hungry for homely sounds picked up the curious message and wondered at it? Wonder almost immediately to dissolve into self-deriding laughter: his imagined

peewit-rat were no more than the wide set teeth of a cross-cut making its way a shade complainingly through fine arches of birch wood. Quite unmistakable once you realised it. The next moment the obscuring high hedge ended and he was looking over a bright red gate at the yard and at the house.

That was his first view of Wood Cottage and never subsequently did he see that shade of red without remembering. His eye took it all in with an especial kind of vividness—the redness of the gate echoed by the door, the magnolia tree, the blue wood smoke rising like a tree among the background of trees. And, at the heart of the picture, the green. The green, open-necked, shirt of the woman sawing. He watched her for fifteen seconds before she looked up, which she did not quickly nor with surprise, but deliberately and almost as though she knew all the time that he was there.

The cross-cut stopped its imitation of a peewit-rat and she smiled at him slowly. One of the big bombers, just taken off from the drome, almost brushed overhead and its brutal noise flooded all space for a moment. When it had gone she deepened her smile to a laugh—thereby adding a line of white to Chiltern's remembered colour scheme—and said: "What a noise you boys make."

"Sorry."

She showed slightly her surprise at his vehemence:—

"Ah, well—c'est la guerre."

"That explains everything, doesn't it? All beastliness and noise and everything?"

She squinted down the line of her saw, then let it be and turned to face him, putting arms akimbo in a delightfully boyish attitude that he was to know dreadfully well. He noticed that the V of her green blouse came low between the two green hummocks of her breasts.

"My young friend," she said, "nothing explains anything. Have you had tea?"

Chiltern shook his head.

"Nor I. Shall we have it together?"

He was incredulously surprised when he glanced at his watch and saw the time.

"I say, I've been here nearly two hours. I must go."

"Why? But perhaps I ought not to ask. Maybe it's duty?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I have a job to get back to."

"Then I mustn't know anything about it. Only I hope it isn't dangerous."

"No. Not very, to-night."

"No operations to-night?"

"Not dangerous ones."

"I'm glad of that."

She stood in the doorway to say goodbye to him and smiled enigmatically.

"You haven't asked me my name."

"I—what is it, please?"

"Eileen Wilson—Mrs. Wilson."

When Fossdyke got back he found that such operations as there were had been scrubbed and for a moment he had a wild half-thought of going back to the cottage in the wood, but, of course, he didn't.

Instead he spent an aimless evening in the ante-room which was noisy with that upspringing of tension release which always follows a last-minute "scrubbing"—it is this tautening and loosening of the psychological strings that keeps the medical officer apprehensive on an operational station.

Strange things happen to the hearts of young men and they persuade themselves of curious delusions. "You meet a woman and have tea with her and it's all over, it's nothing." Fossdyke told himself twenty airy times, but after three days he was walking past the cottage in the woods again.

The drawing-room window was open and he could see her telephoning, holding a green earpiece against that dark hair. He even heard a snatch of her conversation. ". . . the usual time to-morrow . . . yes, all right. . . ." Again he was looking at her for a few seconds before she was aware of it, yet when her eyes caught his there was no surprise in them. She replaced the receiver.

"I'm just making an appointment with my hairdresser," she said easily. "How lucky you are. I have my hair done religiously every week and every week it looks frightful."

"It doesn't look frightful now."

The full red lips parted in a happy smile.

"But how nice of you. The R.A.F. always is courteous, isn't it?"

"No. I think it is often crude and rude and beastly."

"It's human."

"Maybe that's what's wrong with it."

"You've no right to be cynical at—what—twenty-two?"

"Nineteen—nearly twenty."

"Can you smell anything burning?"

"There does seem to be something——"

"My God, it's the soup." She was gone in a flash and domestic noises issued from the minute kitchen. When she came back,

HE sat on the hassock by her feet, which was his usual place, and she watched him

Illustrations By W. Smithson-Broadhead

saucepan in hand, Fossdyke had found his way into the hall.

Glumly she held out the blackened saucepahn.

"Soup and saucepan," she said. "A tragedy."

"Cat. E."

"Is that what you call it?"

"Yes. A complete write off. Bad luck."

"Scrambled eggs and welsh rarebit remain. Do they interest you?"

"I—but I came to a meal last time."

"Tea isn't a meal; it's an introduction."

"What's supper, then?"

"An experiment. Shall we make it?"

They made the experiment and enjoyed it and washed it up and sat down afterwards to talk in the small drawing-room, where the green telephone stood. A room heaped with a friendly litter of books; secured against the slight chill of the evening by a wood fire which Fossdyke was requested to light; intimate and vivid with the personality of the woman who lived there.

Fossdyke, who hated shop in the mess, found that he didn't mind talking it to her.

"I suppose it's dreadfully unpatriotic to say so, but, honestly, I can't get up much interest in flying. My people have always been naval. What do you have—squadrons, or something, don't you?"

Omniscient youth smiled indulgently.

"Yes, that's right. Two of them here, to be precise."

"I don't even know the names of the things you fly—are they what you call Lancasters or Halifaxes, or what?"

"One of each, actually."

"A squadron of each? Good. My education progresses. If I meet any R.A.F. people now I'm not so likely to make a complete fool of myself."

"Do you know many R.A.F. chaps, then?"

Mrs. Wilson smiled. She could not but be flattered by the anxiety that Fossdyke had meant to keep out of his attempted casual tones. She took pity on him.

"No, not many. And the others aren't nice like you, they don't drop in for a meal and help to wash up and sit quietly talking."

"Nice! But I—I——"

Fossdyke suddenly lost a lot of shyness and tried to tell something of what it meant to him to have an escape from the mess. She listened intently watching his eyes all the time.

". . . books and sitting here in this room and talking to you about poetry and music—finding someone who's interested in things that mean something——"

"It means something to me too."

"I would like to think it."

"You can always come."

"I shall."

"I shall be cross if you don't."

THERE is a hairdresser in Marlingham where even in this utility-minded war, a good deal of money is spent and gossip chattered by wives of service men in the district.

It is not a big establishment—five private cubicles and the manager's little room detached at the back. Some managers might (*Continued on page* 56)

A Backward Point Of View

Negley Farson

expresses his opinion on World development

SOME people, usually the most successful ones, seem unable to bear the sight of what they call the "undeveloped" places left on our globe. The spectacle annoys, even affronts them. Wendell Willkie, on his forty-nine-day flight around the world, writes with great sensitivity of the majestic beauty of Western China. Then he at once dives into speculation of how much wealth still lies untapped. He says: "The landscape between Tihwa and Lanchow was one of the most amazing sights of my life, and with utter fascination we watched it unfold beneath us." He describes the fertile, terraced Shan Range, and, coming to the empty red loam hills before Lanchow, he then says: "They were unbelievably lovely to look at from the air—but I could not see them without thinking what wealth they represented. . . ."

Incontestably, the proper, progressive point of view for a prospective Republican (Big Business) candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Here was a country "awaiting development." Call the world's attention to it. Unfortunately, this is also the forward view of the post-war world held by all our leading statesmen and economists. A great "drive" must be entered into, to promote the progress of the more "backward" peoples. Bigger and better exports; that is our leaders' answer to most of the post-war problems. Remembering how there were bread lines in New York and Chicago, when wheat lay rotting on the plains of the U.S. and Canada; how, in Brazil, they were burning tons of surplus coffee beans to run their locomotives—and that farmers in the United States were being paid actually *not* to grow more corn or hogs—you would think that all the best brains of the world would be concentrated on the puzzle of how to distribute the produce of the farms we already have—not in trying to add new ones. However, the bulk of the thinking is not being done along these "social" lines; and China is going to be developed, whether China likes it or not. *All the wastelands*, as these leading thinkers see them on the world's maps—are to be annihilated.

TOGETHER with H. M. Tomlinson, I belong to the school which believes that the very worst thing you can do to any country is to develop it. We Americans have gone across our own country like a scourge of locusts. The "Dust Bowl" lies to-day—a farmer's hell—where once the fertile prairie grass held down the rich top soil; there is not a road nor a railway line in the U.S.A. (except a few miraculous National Parks) which does not sear your eyes with a continuous line of advertising hoardings, "bill boards," we call them. There is not one river, and hardly a small stream, which is not polluted by the refuse from factories and pulp mills. Before Franklin D. Roosevelt, with his real law-enforcement against privileged industry our manufacturers were turning these rivers into sewers.

A revolt has already started in the United States, a great revulsion of public opinion, against such scarrification of our national heritage.

Britishers themselves know how irritated they felt, some of them, over the recent power schemes in the Scottish Highlands. Scots, many of them, incontestably felt even violent about it. What profit-hungry mind was prowling around, trying to ruin some of the finest free country left in the British Isles? Yet, to read the debates on that subject in Parliament, you were amazed to find that many M.P.s simply couldn't understand *what* these outraged beauty lovers were so angry about. Weren't these power schemes going to make money? And so forth. There is a war on now, in England, against the predatory "developers," waged by lovers of the British countryside—and there are a cheering lot of them—fighting to preserve, in the plans for a post-war Britain, that charming (and surprising amount of) uninjured countryside that you have managed to maintain, even up to these bitter days.

If that restful countryside goes, with its deep-seated *strength*—then a lot of the calmness, and strength, of British character will go with it.

DOES any one think that General Smuts was an "accident" of South Africa? I won't say that you will find other South Africans of quite his calibre of genius. But you will find many a man in South Africa to-day whose mentality will strike you as being somewhat "out-size." It may be, in some cases, a very irritating personality. Even so, even though you may feel he is inimical to your politics, you will have to admit (in all fairness to your reasoning) that he has a peculiar intolerance against being shackled. This is a direct heritage from the early Boers.

Those early Boers, particularly the ones who made the Great Trek, crossing the Orange and the Vaal Rivers—"to get away from the British," so they said—those men, with their great, trundling ox-carts, were really pushing north and onwards—because, as one old Boer put it to me: "They felt simply suffocated if they even *saw* the *smoke* of another man's fire on the horizon!" Such aloof loneliness, (*Continued on page* 64)

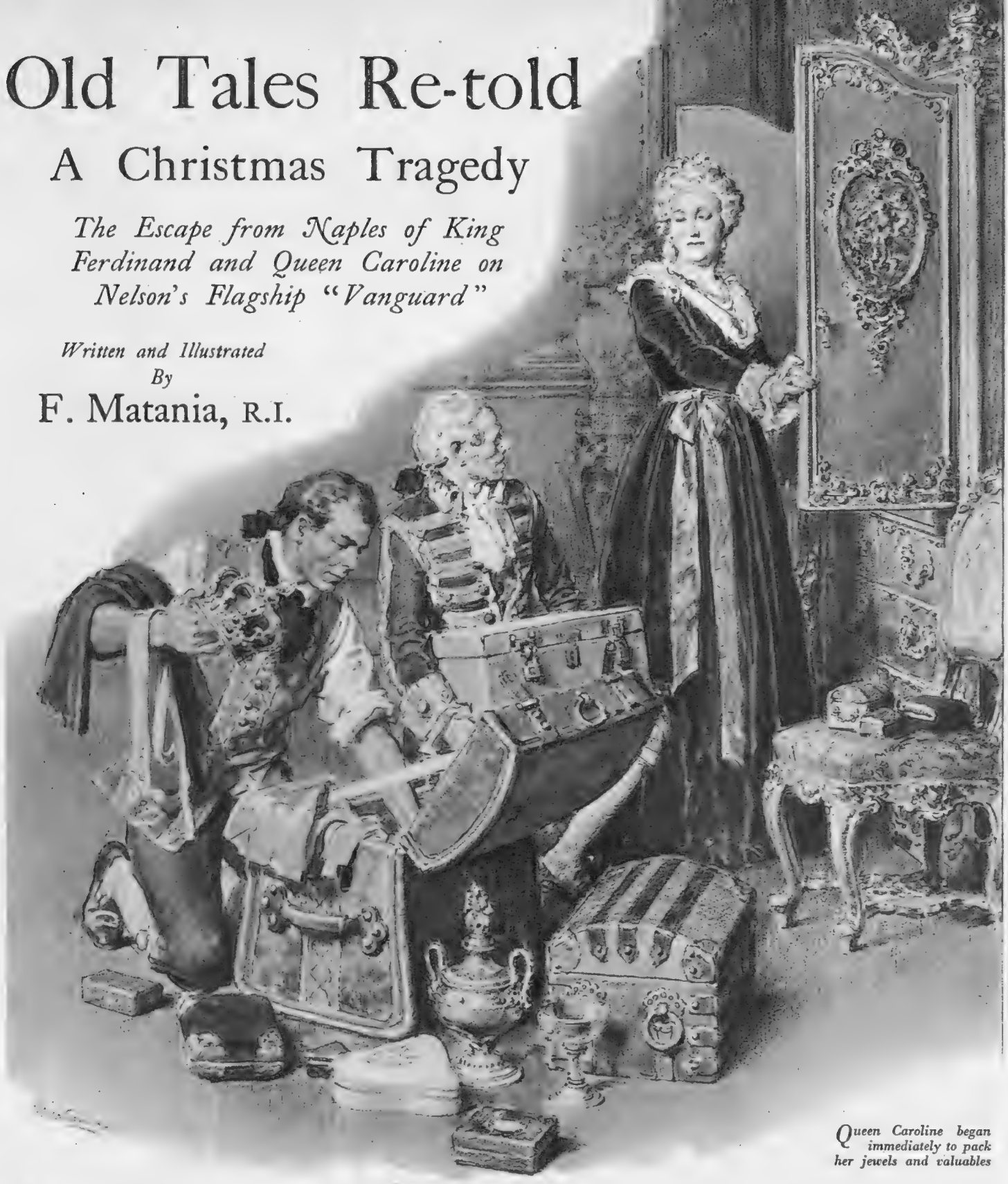
Old Tales Re-told

A Christmas Tragedy

The Escape from Naples of King Ferdinand and Queen Caroline on Nelson's Flagship "Vanguard"

Written and Illustrated By

F. Matania, R.I.



Queen Caroline began immediately to pack her jewels and valuables

THAT part of Italy which is just now drawing breath after the hurricane of war, under the occupation of the Anglo-American Army, passed through the same period of unrest, revolution, internal disorder and peril of invasion less than a century and a half ago.

Prior to the French Revolution, there was a marked similarity between the Court of Louis XVI. and the Neapolitan Court of Ferdinand IV. Queen Marie Antoinette of France and Queen Caroline of Naples were sisters, and both were under the despotic influence of their mother, Maria Theresa of Austria.

The French Revolution had spread an infectious enthusiasm for a Republic among all States exploited and oppressed by their rulers, and none knew better than the Neapolitans the crushing weight of tyranny of one of the most selfish and cruel kings who ever occupied the throne of that beautiful country.

Five years had passed since the proud head of Marie Antoinette fell on the guillotine, and the same kind of upheaval as experienced in France became gradually imminent in Southern Italy. The French Army invading Italy had already reached Rome without encountering any opposition, and Ferdinand, together with his allies the Austrians, had moved in the direction of Rome to stop the advance of the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief of the Neapolitan Army was General Mack, an Austrian sent by the Empress, who has been described by one historian as "a taciturn, pompous, unsympathetic, frigid, phlegmatic fool." Nelson referred to him curtly as "a man who did not know his business."

King Ferdinand and General Mack proceeded to Rome comfortably in their carriages, while their army struggled along by forced marches, loaded with heavy packs, inadequately fed and badly led. They reached the city in scattered batches, in a state of utter exhaustion. They had, however, met with no resistance, and Mack concluded that his very presence had put the French to flight.

It never occurred to him that the evacuation of Rome might be a strategic

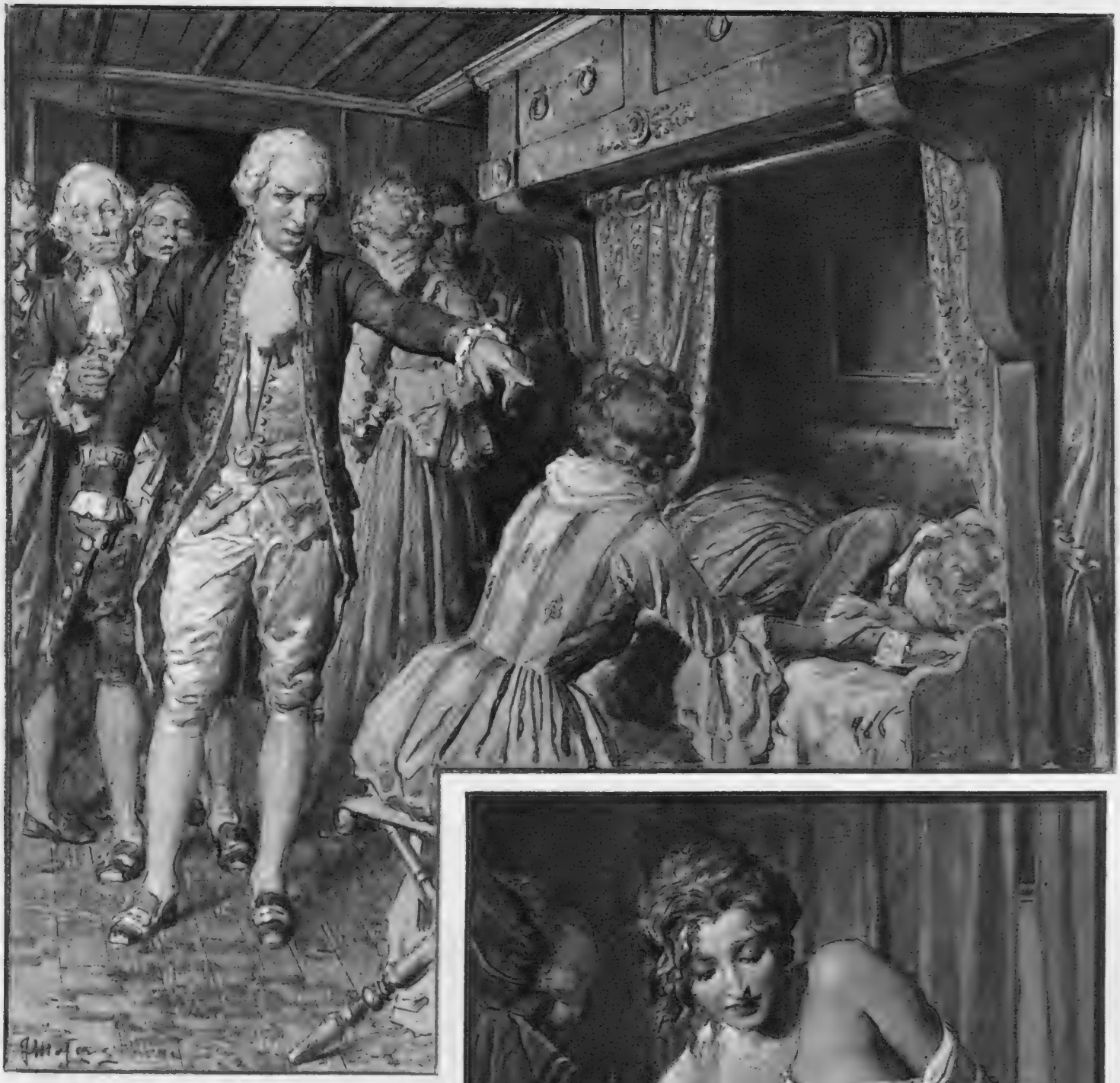
Nelson paid a few visits during that interminable night to the distressed party in the state cabin, his interest being rewarded by angelic smiles from his beautiful Emma

manœuvre that would prove fatal to him in the end.

The King, too, convinced that he had won the war, began to obliterate all signs of the Republic. He took up his abode in the beautiful Palace of Farnesina, and from there he sent out messages conveying the good news in all directions.

His complacency can be realised by the letter he wrote to the Pope, who had fled from the Vatican and taken refuge in a monastery. The letter invited His Holiness to return to his residence in the following words: "Leave then your too modest abode in the Carthusian monastery, and like our Lady of Loretto borne on the wings of the Cherubim, descend into the Vatican and purify it with your holy presence. All is prepared for your reception, and Your Holiness may celebrate divine service on the day of our Saviour's birth." Dated: November 29, 1798.

We shall see later what kind of Christmas fate had prepared for Ferdinand and all the Royal Family. The optimism of King Ferdinand and his Commander-in-Chief was soon changed to despair when they learned that the French had neatly evaded the frontal attack made by the Neapolitans, and were now attacking and routing them all along the line. In no time the French forces drove back the Italians, and were already on the very outskirts of Naples.



The death of the child caused a horrible outburst of rage from King Ferdinand, and he cursed his wife and blamed her for their misfortunes

Events moved so quickly that General Mack was unable to prevent a catastrophic defeat. It was not the fault of his troops, who were badly organised, mutinous with hunger and who felt for their leader only the profoundest contempt.

It was characteristic of Ferdinand to leave his forces to their fate, and, accompanied only by the Duke of Ascoli, he drove in his carriage to Naples. On the way they discarded their outer clothing for fear of being recognised and assassinated.

When the great gate of the Palace of Caserta opened to receive them, they must have heaved a sigh of relief, and the dusty travelling carriage entered safe, if not sound. There the Queen informed them of the Neapolitan losses. The army had lost 12,000 men, of which 10,000 had been taken prisoner.

This fiasco, which was the chief feature of General Mack's career, had lasted seventeen days. The principal effect it had on the country was to embolden the Jacobin elements, who were mostly drawn from the

Lady Hamilton hurriedly donned some dry clothing and resumed her task of nursing the distressed party

better-class citizens who later mostly ended on the scaffold, and who were quite ready to welcome the French as liberators and to shake off for good and all the yoke of government of the three F.s—Feste, Farina, Forche. (Festivities, Wheat and Gallows.) This slogan had originated in the policy of the King, who humoured the people with public festivals and grants of free bread, whilst at the same time ruthlessly suppressing with the death penalty any signs of discontent. During this time Nelson was in Naples, and the squadron with which he had won the Battle of Aboukir was anchored in the bay, together with some captured French vessels. He had received orders to fight the French wherever they could be found, and, if need be, to protect the King of Naples. It was here that his famous encounter with Lady Hamilton took place, when she, disregarding Court ceremonial, threw her arms round the hero's neck.

The beautiful Emma Hamilton was an intimate friend of Queen Caroline, who was able to protect her favourite's liaison with Nelson without damaging in any way the friendly relations between the Court and Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador. The Royal House of Naples, the Hamiltons and Nelson were thus bound together in something rather like a family party.

The military situation having become so dangerous, Nelson was in favour of conveying the Royal Family to a safer place. This advice had been eagerly accepted by the Queen even before the King returned to Caserta. Inconspicuously, they set out for Naples, where the Queen began immediately to pack her jewels and valuables. Only a few of the most faithful servants were entrusted with the task, and notable among them was Saverio, a servant of the Queen's who, on account of his loyalty and discretion, had long been in her service. He personally took 60,000 gold ducats and all the diamonds of the Royal Family from the palace to the British Embassy, where he deposited them in the safe-keeping of Lady Hamilton.

He also bore a letter from the Queen, in which she asked Lady Hamilton to hand them to Nelson, so that he could put them safely on board the *Vanguard*, the Admiral's own ship. The next evening three more trunks were smuggled from the palace to the Embassy. The rest of the luggage was taken during the night to the water-front and loaded on to transports which were already heavily laden with fugitives, who had got news of the intended royal departure.

TRAGIC scenes were taking place in many parts of Naples. The poorer and more ignorant elements of the population, not understanding the aims of the Jacobins, were terrified by the threat of the French invasion, and several Jacobins were lynched. One man caught near the palace was assaulted by the mob and stabbed. Then he was dragged beneath the balcony so that the King might have proof of their allegiance. When Ferdinand appeared in response to their calls, he had the shock of recognising in the dying man his faithful servant Ferretti, who was not a Jacobin at all.

This dreadful incident struck fresh fear into the hearts of the royal couple, and their preparations for flight went on more hurriedly. Up to now it had been kept secret, but when the Neapolitans saw huge cases containing valuable works of art being carried down to the port for embarkation, the imminent departure of the Royal Family could be hidden no longer.

Museums and art galleries were emptied of their treasures, the royal mint was rifled of gold and silver, the banks were stripped of bonds and currency belonging to the citizens of Naples. All were put on board the *Vanguard*, and Nelson himself estimated the value of the treasure at two-and-a-half millions sterling. Despite this shameless plundering of public money and State property, the good-natured people tried to persuade the King to remain in his capital, assuring him of their loyalty and protection against the French.

But Ferdinand was adamant. He stepped on board the *Vanguard* with all his family, the Hamiltons and Nelson on December 21, 1798, at 9 p.m. Bad weather, however, prevented the ship from leaving the shelter of the bay.

Undeterred by the perils that threatened them, the Neapolitans were celebrating their characteristically noisy Christmas. Those on board the ships in the bay could hear the clamour of voices mingled with the pealing of hundreds of church-bells. Now and again would come the faint sound of the pipers from the surrounding villages, who had come to repeat their age-old songs of glory before the familiar holy images all over the city.

The twenty ships in the bay were loaded to capacity with cases of treasures and crowded with a human cargo of misery and fear.

For two dreary days and nights they lay there at anchor, waiting for a change of wind or an improvement in the weather. Amongst the warships assembled there was a 74-gun corvette called the *Sannite*, under the command of Admiral Carraciolo. He had expected the Royal Family to embark on *his* ship, but the Queen declined the offer and preferred to accept the state cabin on the *Vanguard*—a fact that she afterwards bitterly regretted.

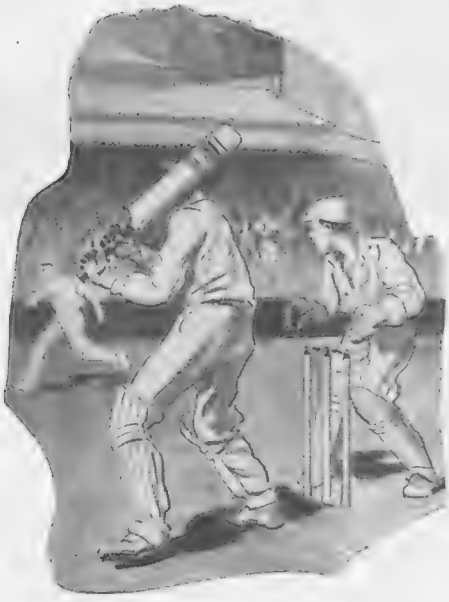
In spite of the persistent bad weather, on the evening of the 23rd the mooring ropes were cast off *(Continued on p. 54)*

It was Boxing Day. The merry-making had lasted all night, as was customary in Southern Italy, and it was through this festive scene that the royal carriages conveyed the silent and sorrowing party with their dead child to the palace gates

"*MEMORIES are memories wherever the setting may be*"

Thanks for These Memories

By Harry J. Greenwall



"*PERHAPS it was your boy out there on the pitch*"

THE rapid forging of the last links in the long chain that brings Victory closer; the recalling of the scrubby desert; the gleaming white domes of Tunisian mosques left behind; the parched throats in the sun-baked Sicilian olive groves but yesterday's pain, these things lead back to memories older yet: to memories of the peace that once again begins to loom in an enchanted vista, like a brightly shining cross seen from a ship approaching shore.

Memories are the grateful fires beside which mankind keeps warm during the nights and days of stress and evil; in time of war these souvenirs of happier days are intangible things shared between soldier and civilian.

An Englishman writing for Englishmen, I find that the things most of us recall with joy, twigs plucked from the thicket of Time, are not the things which at the moment seemed so important, but more the memories we have shared with others, and not necessarily with our familiars. Often, I have found it so, a memory comes flashing back to our minds, recalled out of the past, and sometimes a long and distant past, by a whiff of perfume; that may summon up a clear enough vision of a soft summer night; an awning covering red-carpeted steps; the brightly lit windows of a first floor; the scrape of violins and the tinkle of a piano. And then, without realising it, you'll be humming "Amoureuse" or the "Eton Boating Song."

No, I agree, memories are not necessarily always to be associated with romance. When the lights go up again, as they soon will do, and the homecomings and the reunions will so quickly bridge across the intervening years, the memories of the Ninety Nights of London and the Calvary of Coventry will be obliterated, but now . . . now, let us give thanks for the memories that have stayed with us through the years of "blood and sweat and toil."

You, madam, of course you remember, and with humble gratitude I trust, the days when you lifted the receiver and told your butcher, with matronly wrath, that unless Sunday's sirloin was an improvement on last week's, you would really have to . . .

Or were you, oh so bored with housekeeping; did you say, as I remember hearing my mother say, that you wished they would invent another animal?

Do you remember the summer sales, when coupons were things office boys cut off the share certificates of City magnates? Of course you do, and in the approaching days to come, when your "Desert Rat" is back on the job, you will be back in the High Street, with other memories, and grateful ones, of the men who enabled you to bring back the things which were the fabric of your life.

And you, sir, helping to dismantle "Hitler's Fortress," and you know you are helping even if you do not happen to be in the thick of it, don't you find it is the small things which matter? That afternoon when you played truant from the office because the May fly was rising, and you were so blissful under a willow which dappled the slowly flowing stream, as the late afternoon sun shone through the leaves?

Will you share with me the memory of the crack of the cricket ball against the willow bat? The faint ripple of applause; oh, well hit, sir, well hit. Perhaps it was your boy out there, on the pitch, as he is "out there" now, flying over Germany, bringing down enemy fighters, and again, with a catch in your voice, you murmur the tag that will be heard again when all this is over and the boys are home again.

MEMORIES, memories; memories of peace time summer holidays perhaps. The children are in bed, tired out with their day's play on the sands. You and your wife are sitting in deck chairs on the "prom"; not too near and not too far from the bandstand where the Band of the Royal Wessex (by kind permission of Colonel Roarer) is playing a selection from *The Maid of the Mountains*. That takes you back a bit; back to your first leave in the last war. Good heavens, that's—you look at your wife; she is nodding her head in time to that song of José Collins. Well, just time for a last pipe; then back to your furnished apartments—you went there every summer, of course, the last fortnight in August. A little cold roast beef, a crisp lettuce, a morsel of cheese, and a jug of foaming beer, just fetched before "they" closed. Do you remember? Of course you do; how could you forget, and aren't you glad of and thankful for those memories?

"Say I'm sorry, say I'm sad," then I think of the rumble of the London traffic and my heart sighs. (*Continued on page* 66)

"*WELL, just time for a last pipe, then back to your furnished apartments*"

Das Torpedoboot Weehawken

A Nazi Scheme Which Went Awry

By **Kimball McIlroy**

"IS it not a fact," Kapitanleutnant Schultz asked, "that our U-boat campaign to starve the English into submission has been, compared to what we had hoped, a dismal failure?"

"I would not put it just that way," the admiral said, glancing nervously over his shoulder.

"Is it a fact, or is it not a fact?"

"It is a fact," the admiral admitted.

"And is it not a fact that, as a result of this failure of our U-boat campaign on the high seas, the Fuehrer has decreed that shipping to Britain must henceforth be stopped at its most important source, in New York harbour?" Kapitanleutnant Schultz went on.

"The Feuhrer is not a naval man," the admiral said uncomfortably.

"Well, is it or is it not a fact?"

"It is a fact."

"And is it not a fact that secret agents sent before America entered the war for this purpose made the regrettable error of first sabotaging our own vessels, and are now in jail?"

The admiral looked unhappy. "The Fuehrer was very angry," he said.

"Is that not a fact?"

"It is a fact."

"And is it not a fact that the Fuehrer would look with distinct approval on any plan for sinking shipping bound for Britain before it leaves New York harbour?"

The admiral nodded. "It is a fact which he keeps constantly before us."

Kapitanleutnant Schultz leaned eagerly across the admiral's desk. "New York harbour is full of ferry-boats," he said.

Two coal barges in tow of a plodding tug cut recklessly across the *Weehawken's* bow. Kapitanleutnant Schultz blew a sharp warning blast.

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW

The captain of the tug leaned out of his wheelhouse.

"Aw, stick a cork in it," he shouted.

Kapitanleutnant Schultz turned, beaming to his two junior officers.

"You hear that, Otto? Heinz? They suspect nothing. They are completely fooled by our disguise."

Young Oberleut Mueller nodded eagerly. "For this you will receive the Iron Cross, Herr Kapitanleutnant," he said.

Oberleut Klemm spat sourly. "I still say a U-boat would have been better."

"You have no imagination, Oberleut Klemm. A U-boat would be immediately suspect, if not immediately sunk. But a ferry-boat!" Kapitanleutnant Schultz was carried away with enthusiasm for his own idea. "You have seen for yourself that no one entertains the slightest suspicion."

"They will when we begin torpedoing freighters," Oberleut Klemm prophesied gloomily.

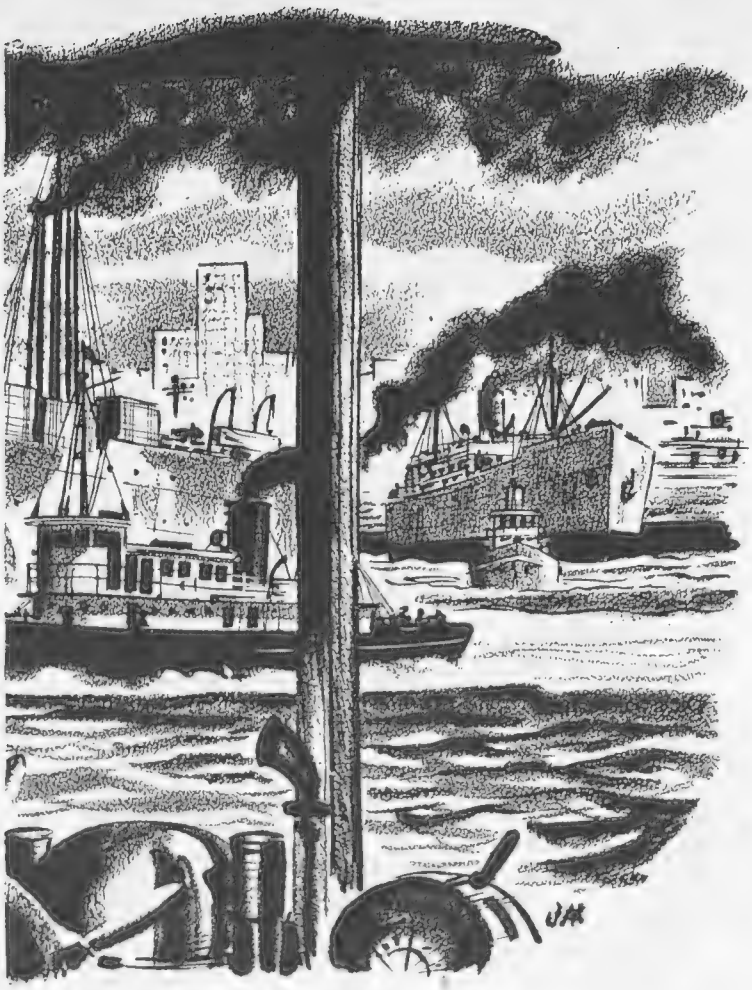
"But where are these torpedoes coming from? They will ask themselves that. From an innocent-appearing ferry-boat? Impossible, they will say, and they will proceed to search for some non-existent U-boat."

Oberleut Klemm shrugged his shoulders. "I hope you are right, Herr Kapitanleutnant. I hope it sincerely."

Kapitanleutnant Schultz refused to become discouraged. To do so would be foolish, and quite needless now that it was evident no one suspected the *Weehawken* of being anything other than the typical New York ferry-boat she had been built to resemble.

And why, indeed, should they suspect? Hadn't she been constructed with great accuracy and attention to detail from a set of plans for just such a vessel, stolen especially for the occasion? Hadn't he personally selected her name from a list of New York suburbs because he had remembered that all New York ferry-boats were so named? And weren't her torpedo tubes cleverly concealed, one on each side, right where her hull curved out sharply just above the water line?

He allowed his chest to swell with



A BRITISH freighter, outward bound, was approaching off the port bow. Crated bombers were stacked in even rows on its forward and after decks. "Look, here is our first victim, Herr Kapitanleutnant," Oberleut Mueller said excitedly

anticipatory pride. They would be waiting for news back in Wilhelmshaven and they would not have long to wait. British shipping from New York harbour would soon be a thing of the past.

He waved to the captain of a passing excursion boat, who waved back quite unconcernedly. Kapitanleutnant Schultz felt a surge of renewed confidence.

"Your opinion matters very little, Oberleut Klemm," he said scornfully, "when one recalls the unbounded enthusiasm of the Fuehrer himself."

They were moving up the east side of the river, past the Battery and the ferry docks around Liberty Street. It took skilful seamanship to manœuvre the *Weehawken* through the dense harbour traffic, which seemed to be governed by the inclination of the moment rather than by any recognised rules of navigation. Kapitanleutnant Schultz, at the helm, found it confusing but exhilarating. The *Weehawken* swung out to pass a barge laden with box cars and then had to turn in a narrow semicircle to avoid head-on collision with a police launch.

Kapitanleutnant Schultz mopped his forehead.

"For this we *deserve* the Iron Cross," he said.

A British freighter, outward bound, was approaching off the port bow. Crated bombers were stacked in even rows on its forward and after decks. It was moving very slowly.

"Look, here is our first victim, Herr Kapitanleutnant," Oberleut Mueller said excitedly. "An unobstructed shot at a range of not more than two hundred yards. We cannot miss."

"Not yet, Otto," Kapitanleutnant Schultz said. "We must not be over-anxious. We must first take a little time to become familiar with our surroundings. We must proceed with caution."

Oberleut Mueller shook his head. "We will never again have such a perfect shot."

"We will have many of them. We must not be impatient."

They could not afford to take chances, not with complete and unqualified success so close at hand. A few minutes to reconnoitre and the *Weehawken* would be ready to commence her deadly work. There was no danger; no one suspected that behind her innocent exterior there lurked sleek engines of destruction. The deception was complete. They could take their time.

Up the river the *Weehawken* threaded her tenuous way, past the long docks where the big liners lay, past the ferry slips at 125th Street. Oberleut Mueller leaned hungrily over the rail.

"What they would give, back in Wilhelmshaven, to be in our shoes!" he exclaimed. "Hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping, just waiting to be sunk, the crews waving at us as we pass. It is almost a shame to take advantage of such credulity."

"It is war," Kapitanleutnant Schultz said. "Wars are won not only by strength but through guile. It may be that we shall contribute in no small way to the winning of this one."

Oberleut Mueller's heels clicked.

"Heil Hitler!" he said emotionally.

At the George Washington Bridge Kapitanleutnant Schultz decided that they had gone far enough. They had had an opportunity to see what shipping was in the harbour and where the busiest docks were. There was no need for further delay. In Wilhelmshaven the admiral would be waiting impatiently for news.

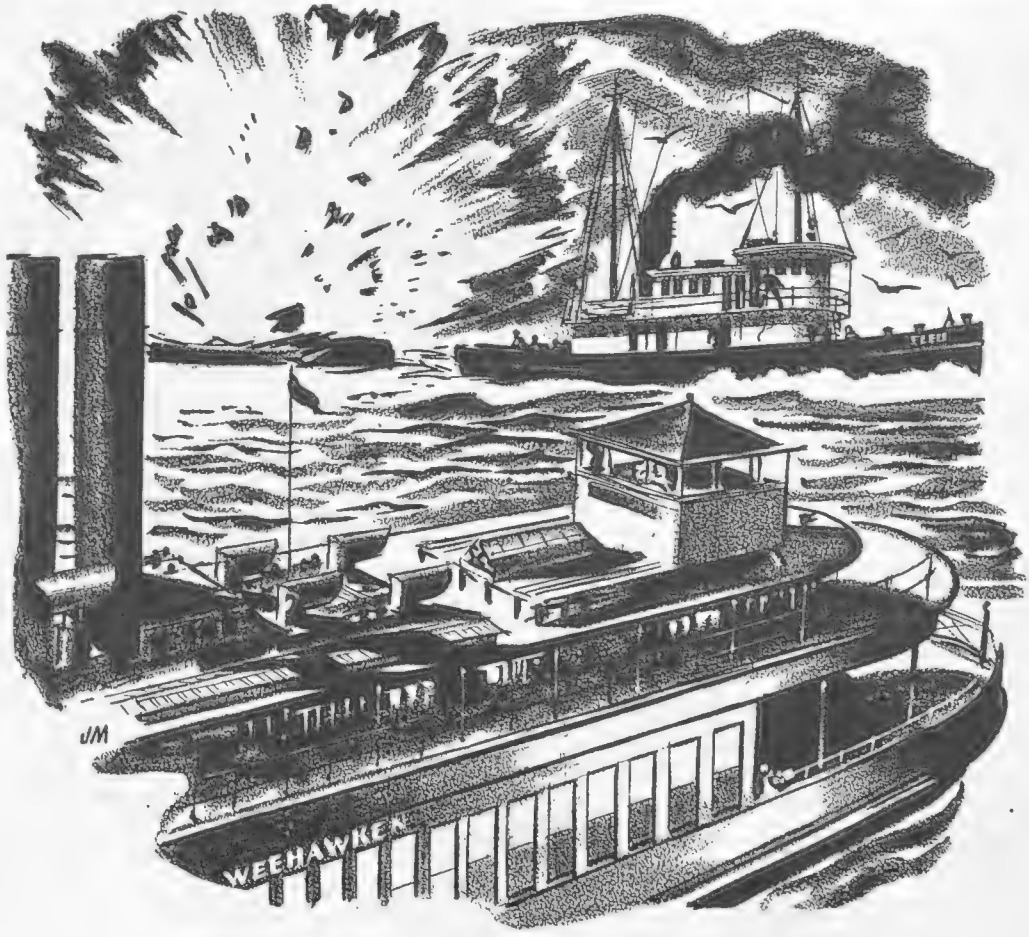
"You may order the torpedo crews to be ready, Oberleut Mueller," he said.

Oberleut Mueller's eyes lighted. "Are we going into action Herr Kapitanleutnant?"

Kapitanleutnant Schultz nodded. "The time has come," he said.

Oberleut Mueller went happily below.

"You will take the helm, Oberleut Klemm. Be especially alert. At all costs avoid a collision. Such an occurrence would



A MISCELLANEOUS assortment of banana skins, egg shells, and coffee grounds rained down on the ferry's spotless decks

mean disaster." Kapitanleutnant Schultz shuddered at the thought.

" I have been at the helm of destroyers making thirty-five knots," Oberleut Klemm said, with undisguised distaste. " I don't imagine that I will have difficulty with a ferry-boat making five."

" You will find it more difficult than it appears."

Oberleut Klemm did not look worried. " Do you want me to bring her about, Herr Kapitanleutnant? "

Kapitanleutnant Schultz had almost forgotten. " That will not be necessary," he said. " We will simply reverse the engines and proceed in the opposite direction."

The *Weehawken* had a propeller, a rudder, and a wheelhouse at each end. She could proceed in either direction with equal ease. This was a unique faculty of ferry-boats. Kapitanleutnant Schultz and Oberleut Klemm walked along the top deck to the other wheelhouse, where Oberleut Klemm signalled for the engines to be reversed.

" I myself will keep watch for our first victim," Kapitanleutnant Schultz said.

The *Weehawken* started down-

SUDDENLY, as if at some unspoken signal, the waiting crowd pushed forward. The " Weehawken's " crew fought vigorously, but they were outnumbered

stream, a sightseeing ferry-boat no longer, but a warship stripped and ready for action. Kapitanleutnant Schultz stood at the door of the pilot-house with binoculars pressed to his eyes, scanning the line of docks inshore.

A small Norwegian freighter passed them. He looked it over. It was too small and unimportant, he decided, not worth wasting a torpedo on. There was better game to be had.

" Proceed, Oberleut."

At a dock opposite 100th Street a big British tanker was getting up steam. Ten thousand tons, at least, Kapitanleutnant Schultz guessed. A worthy prize.

" She'll be sailing within the hour," he told Oberleut Klemm. " We'll wait for her downstream. In the meantime we may as well go on."

At 45th Street a freighter of medium size was backing out into the river. Kapitanleutnant Schultz waited until they were a short distance past her.

" Stop the engines ! " he ordered.

Oberleut Klemm pressed the signal bell. There was a tinkling from the engine-room, and the *Weehawken's* propeller ceased churning the dirty waters of the harbour.

" Call action stations, Oberleut."

Oberleut Klemm shouted into the mouthpiece of the intercommunication telegraph.

The *Weehawken* drifted with the current.

" We'll sink her as she passes us," Kapitanleutnant Schultz announced, watching the freighter through his binoculars.

Aboard the *Weehawken* there was a brief flurry of excitement and then silence, the tense silence that precedes action on a ship of war. The freighter reached midstream and began to come about.

Oberleut Mueller appeared at the door of the pilot-house. He saluted.

" Torpedo tubes loaded and ready, sir."

" Return to your post," Kapitanleutnant Schultz replied without lowering the binoculars. " I will give the order to fire."

Oberleut Mueller saluted and was gone.

The freighter was making way downstream. Kapitanleutnant Schultz focussed his binoculars on her bridge. The officers there were moving about in utter ignorance of the fate which awaited them. Kapitanleutnant Schultz smiled grimly as he reached for the telegraph. The freighter came up astern.

" Starboard torpedo tube ! " he shouted. " Fire ! "

There was a hissing sound as compressed air drove the torpedo on its deadly errand. Kapitanleutnant Schultz watched for the tell-tale line of white foam which would mark its course. He didn't see one.

An explosion rocked the *Weehawken*. (*Continued on page* 66)

Christmas Travel in the Old Days

By Arnold Wareing

A six-horsed Times coach passing through a town. The outside passengers are snow-flecked and good fare for the Christmas feast can be seen hanging up

ARE you piqued at the lack of extra travel facilities this Christmas? Think of the "goode olde days" when a Christmas journey was almost as venturesome as an Arctic expedition—and certainly as uncomfortable; of Jane Austen's time, say, when travelling was such an effort that you made the most of it by staying for weeks, not just a holiday weekend or a day.

The pre-Macadam roads were terrible. you bumped over boulders, slithered into quagmires and potholes, became bogged up to the axles and sometimes overturned. Lady Newdigate wrote of a journey to Brighton by post-chaise: "I never saw this road so rotted, so heavy, nor so deep. It was with difficulty my poor ponies could drag us." And of another from Arbury, Warwick, to Stanstead near Portsmouth: "We paid 14d. per mile great part of the way for the chaise-horses, and 6d. all the way for the saddle-horse; the whole, baits and sleepings included, came to above £24 to this place." (£24 then would be a small fortune now.) Arthur Young found the roads from Chepstow to Cardiff and Newport "mere rocky lanes, full of hugeous stones as big as one's horse, and abominable holes."

If you could not afford post-chaise you relied on the ordinary coach—and took your chance of finding it full up. Tate Wilkinson, another traveller of the time, recorded that the only place available was on the box, and at the first jolt—had it not been for the coachman's arm—he would have been shot under the wheels. "I was chucked into a basket," he said, "as a place of more safety, though not of ease or comfort, where I suffered most severely from the jolting, particularly over the stones; it was most truly dreadful and made one suffer almost equal to sea-sickness."

Even coach fares were high, so the people who in our time would travel by motor-coach or third-class rail went by public wagon—at snail's pace. A contemporary record quoted by G. E. Mitton describes one such journey from London to Greenwich, with twenty-four passengers inside, nine out. The writer squeezes between a little prim coxcomb of a man and a lusty woman with a child on her lap whose hands are smeared with gingerbread.

The Brighton Mail proceeding through a blizzard on Christmas Day, 1836. *The driver looks like a snow man*

"Open the window," says the dame.

"It can't be opened," says the coxcomb, "or I shall get cold."

"But I say it *shall*, sir," vows a butcher sitting opposite. As he bends forward to open it the wagon lurches into a rut, banging his head against the woman's and making her nose bleed. He begs her pardon; she slaps his face.

Two sailors seated near the driver order a stop at the next inn for drinks. The lusty dame calls for a pint, swigs it down, remarks "as how she loved ale mightily," then takes offence at the writer because he doesn't. A recruiting sergeant and a gentleman's coachman start a violent dispute about the Rights of Man. Two other passengers "wedged together like two pounds of Epping butter" argue loudly about politics while a babe howls incessantly and the mother abuses them for frightening it. The heat is now so great that all the windows have to be opened, and in come clouds of dust. The writer's bones ache with cramp; he is stupefied by the noise and smell . . . *Bon voyage!*

Apart from discomforts, there were those busy gentlemen of the road, the footpads and highwaymen. Walpole wrote in 1774: "Our roads are so infested with highwaymen that it is dangerous stirring out almost by day. Lady Hertford was attacked on Hounslow Heath at three in the afternoon. Dr. Eliot was shot at three days ago, without having resisted; and the day before yesterday we were near losing our Prime Minister, Lord North; the robbers shot at the postilion and wounded the latter. The ladies of the bedchamber dare not go to (*Continued on page* 66)

The mail coach caught in a snowdrift has secured the help of a pair of farm horses to help drag it out of trouble

(*On right*) *An incident during the great snowstorm of* 1836. *The mail coach, disabled in a snowdrift, transfers the mails to a post-chaise*

Grandmamma Lubotcha Rides Out

A Drama Of The Russian Steppes

By Alan Hyder

NIKOLAITCH'S sabre flashed as it whirled. He spat curses between his long white moustaches

"IF we do not go," Gomov said shakily, "All will be lost."

"All *must* be lost—to the Germans," Nikolay Nikolaitch replied curtly. "Every grain of corn must be carried away."

"But so little remains now. Should we not escape before——"

Nikolay Nikolaitch gestured for silence. Erect, slim as a poplar sapling despite his seventy-eight years, he stood on the hill-top and scanned the steppe with eyes icily blue in the brown wrinkles of his hawked features. Curiously pert on the long length of his fierce dignity was slanted a cap of astrakhan; his wide-shouldered Cossack cloak, cartridge-belted, draped long folds to leather riding boots. Like every one else in the village of Boriskassk, he had donned his best to leave his home.

The hill on which he stood with Gomov, although no more than a big tor, seemed mountainous in the distance-seeking flatness of the endless steppe. At its foot Boriskassk clustered by a stream, and around it cornfields glowed with warm richness in the autumn sunshine. Across the far meadow a line of gleaners moved, bent, slow.

The village was lifeless, but on its outskirts carts, wagons, and a group of saddled horses in charge of Grandmamma Lubotcha, wife of Nikolaitch, paraded ready to depart.

Nikolaitch stared into the west.

There, in the lilac distance, scarlet flashes flowered in the grey smoke bushes of shell-bursts. Faintly came the thudding reverbrations of artillery. Beneath this an intermittent crackling like the noise a boy would be making in times of peace scaring rooks from the standing corn.

The marauders now in the Don Bend country were jack-booted descendants of Attila, ravaging, fanatical believers in the paranoia of megalomaniac leaders who, in blood-squandering delirium, sought to yoke the necks of all free men. Their tumultuous, dam-broaching surge into the U.S.S.R. had left the tiny village of Boriskassk isolated in an oppressive, menacing pseudo peace with its youth and middle age drained away to fight on field or toil in factory. A quiet village of elders tending the corn so vital to mighty Russia girded for battle, and the horses for which Boriskassk is famous. Broken and stemmed on the groyne of the Red Army the tide of war threatened to engulf Boriskassk in its swift, sudden ebb. And Nikolay Nikolaitch, in charge by virtue of service in past wars, had decreed that the last handful of grain was to be saved before the village was burned and evacuated to leave only scorched earth beneath the invaders' boots.

Torches were prepared. But one more field remained. And as the old people toiled and sweated in it the rumble of battle got close.

A whine screamed up to its angry zenith and shells burst nearby, pluming the black soil. Those in the meadow did not look up. Gomov, watching on the hill-top, groaned.

"It is too late now: we are caught."

"What do they fire at?" Nikolay Nikolaitch puzzled. "The earth of Russia? Do they think to destroy that?"

"They shoot at us."

"At useless old men and women? Maybe! That is their way. True. But I think they shoot blindly, hoping to frighten away any in these parts who might hold up their retreat."

"Where are our soldiers?" Gomov asked the untroubled sky.

"About more important business than Boriskassk. As we are," Nikolaitch said. "The saving of grain."

"It is loaded, ready," Gomov pleaded. "Are we to risk our lives for a handful of corn out of the last meadow?"

"It will be gleaned soon. There! See!"

The gleaners reached the far boundary. One raised his arms and signalled to the watchers on the hill. The people closed in about the wagon. The trusses went up, piled high. And the old men and women turned tiredly and came back to the village.

Spurs rasping at the rock-face, closely followed by Gomov, Nikolay Nikolaitch clambered down and stalked across the stubble to where the villagers gathered about the wagons. With his arrival the last hay-cart drove into position at the end of the line.

Without warning, high-velocity shells burst terrifyingly. Gouts of earth fell. Stone and steel fragments showered the crouching people. A child was grazed and whimpered. Its grandmother caught her breath sibilantly until she found her fears were groundless.

Nikolay Nikolaitch strode along the lined-up vehicles. Farm carts, wheeled stacks of yellow corn, wagons, and wheelbarrows, and a pram or two piled high with household utensils. At the head Grandmamma Lubotcha, gay in her best finery, embroidered blouse and gay kerchief, sat side-saddle upon a brood mare. Two colts frisked about her. In her charge were the horses ridden by the most physically fit of the old women.

" You are ready, Lubotcha, old wife? " Nikolaitch asked affectionately.

His wife's eyes gazed directly into his as she nodded.

" Then go—with God," he said, looking away from the pathetic cavalcade. " We old fellows will stay just long enough to see that our homes do not fall into Nazi clutches. You know the road, Lubotcha mine. But, remember ! You must keep the hill immediately behind you for a space, as cover against being seen. Then east. To find our Russian soldiers. And —and—oh, we men will have caught up with you by then."

Because Lubotcha's eyes were tear-flooded they seemed to have regained the brightness of youth. She asked softly : " Will you, Nikolay? "

" Of course, my dear ! And, perhaps, when we meet, we will get news of our grandson."

" Nikolay ! When you think he is——"

" Tch ! Tch ! Cannot a man change his mind? After all these months at last I am persuaded by your dear faith that Piotr still lives."

Lubotcha scrutinised her husband awhile. Then she smiled. A smile that was proud and sorrowful with clear, sensitive perception.

Then she chirruped to the horses.

The vehicles creaked into movement. Ahead the frisky colts and the old women, riding such horses as were left in Boriskassk. Then slow, lumbering wagons. Then old women pushing barrows and prams full of cherished belongings. They moved out from the village and curved round to the shelter of the lonely hill. The noise of wheels needing grease. Heavy tramping of farm horses. Dancing tap-tap of colts and the bloodstock which for generations had supplied Cossack cavalry with chargers.

And, watching, the old men standing at their horses' heads.

Not many farewells were said. For the most part they parted silently. A man's lips would move as his wife went past. A woman averted her head that tears might not be seen. When she turned again she was trying pitiably to smile. A fat baby crowed and was held up by its mother for its grandfather to wave to.

So the women went.

AS the guns drew nearer, shells burst again; again the whine of steel splinters. On the edge of the village an outhouse crumbled and spread its mud walls out prostrate. Thin coils of white smoke spread slowly from it in the hot, still air.

" Sergeyev ! Sergeyev ! " Loginov shouted. " The torches ! "

" Wait ! " Nikolay Nikolaitch said. " One moment."

Sergeyev stopped distributing the oil-soaked torches. A horse whinnied as the half-circle of old men watched Nikolaitch. Artillery in the distance shook the ground. Nikolaitch waited for the noise to diminish before he spoke, picking words that were calm out of the boiling cauldron of his angry bitterness.

" Our women have gone. Now we lose our homes. Yonder the enemy responsible stalks near. After we have burned Boriskassk we will ride. Comrades ! We are Cossacks —Cossacks of the Don. Should we not ride—first? "

The clink of champed bit and the tinkle of stirrup-iron and the impatient hooves seemed silent.

" An old tree does not stand up-rooting. This is my earth. I would rather ride into it than away from it."

" And Boriskassk, Nikolay Nikolaitch?" Ivan Ionov asked. His voice was steady and the knuckles in his brown hands showed white as his hair on the fist with which he clasped his sabre.

" Sergeyev would volunteer to stay with the torches. If we did not ride back he would burn Boriskassk."

" The horses? "

" Our stock went to the Government at the outbreak of war. All we have here are old crocks. Like ourselves. Neither would be missed overmuch."

" Our women? " Vassya asked. He pointed to,

DOWN in the silver birches a sardonic grin twisted a Nazi gunner's thin lips. "Crazy," he muttered

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier A.R.A.

the distant gunfire. "To ride out there and die would leave them without men. Without even old men. And they expect us to overtake them."

"Do our women really expect us to flee after them?" Nikolaitch mused. "Ah! I wonder. I wonder."

Under pretence of tightening a girth Ivan Ionov stooped and slapped his horse under its belly. He grinned as the animal pawed and neighed.

"Soshka answers," he said. "For all of us. We are Don Cossacks. And our horses know."

"Well, if we are to do it, let us do it as soldiers," Nikolaitch said. A parade-ground rasp loudened his voice. "Soldiers! Parade!"

The old men cast off years from their shoulders as they lined up. The horses pricked ears as at a trumpet-call. Manes tossed. Tails were out-flung. An old bay mare nipped the horse next to her and sent a ripple of rejuvenation through the rank.

"Prepare to m-o-u-n-t! Mount!"

The ancients swung up into saddles; several only at the second or third attempt.

"Draw sabres! Walk m-a-r-c-h! T-r-o-t!"

Valiantly the section rode out of Boriskassk. Towards the distant guns—out on to the steppe. Sabres glinting in hands that felt the weight of years heavy in the weapons.

And, a mile away, in a copse that sank beneath a clump of silver birches, an armoured car crew of Nazis, a picket flung out on the flank of the Panzer Division away in the west lazed in a place they thought free of Red soldiers. One prepared his mess-tin to boil tea; another opened a tin with a bayonet; a third lounged in the shade; others slept. Until the hoarse cry of one at the edge of the trees tensed them and threw them desperately to getting the machine gun into action.

"A Cossack patrol!"

Unsuspecting the Nazis' presence, Nikolay Nikolaitch led his men across the steppe. And caught unawares the Nazis could not get their gun into action to spray the few riders before they were close enough to be identified. Then they did not both to hurry. A German laughed with relief and sneered.

"Herr Lieber Gott!" he swore. "A troop of whiskered ancients! Not one younger than ninety—or I am a snivelling Jew."

They watched through the trees.

"Let them pass unhindered," a Nazi suggested, with a soft guffaw. "To ride into our troops. Slap bang into tanks and field guns. To get their whiskers singed. They cannot harm us."

"The only Cossack who cannot harm us is a dead Cossack," another said, viciously pulling his rifle into his shoulder.

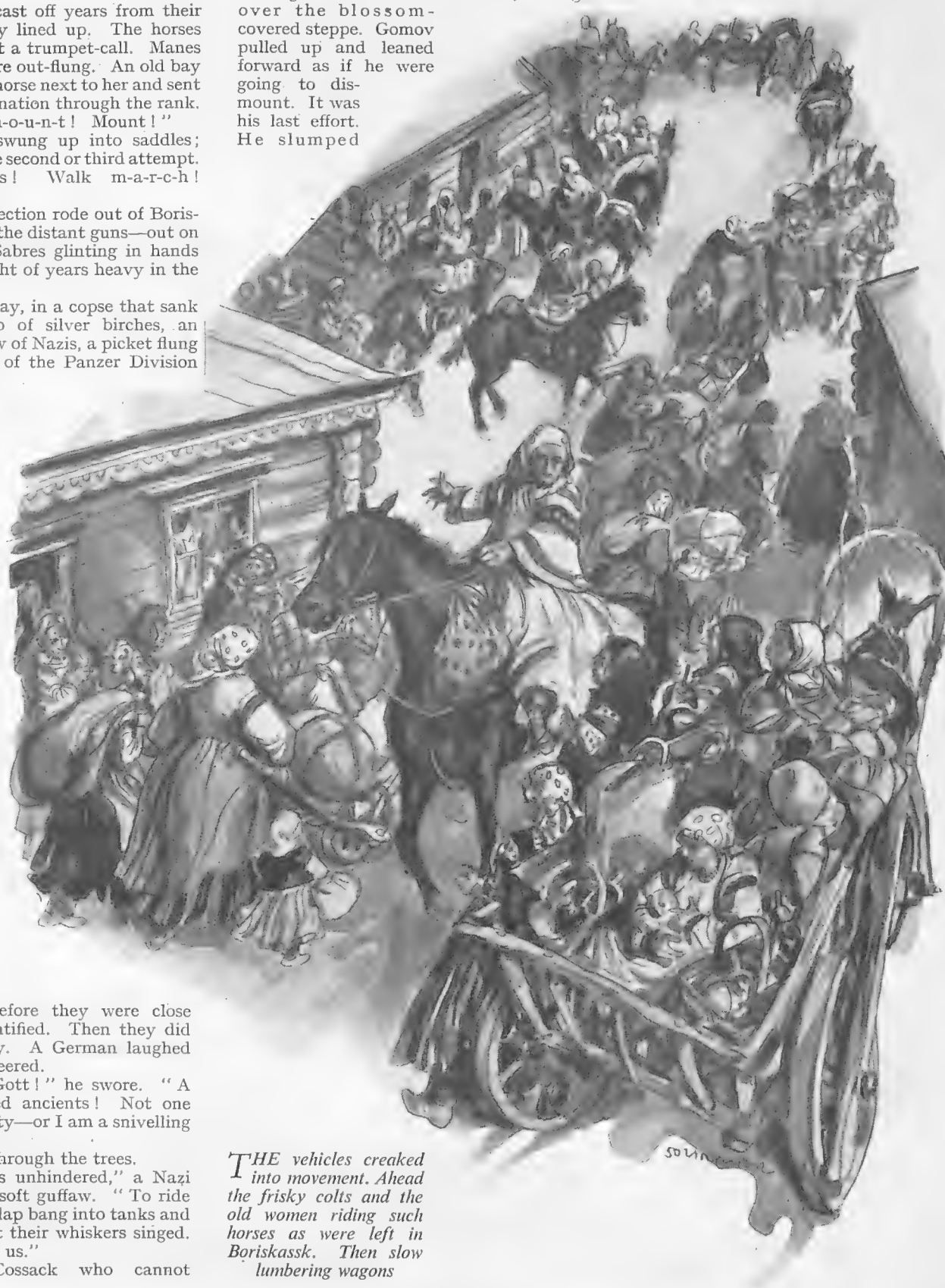
"He is right. They say that even a dead Cossack still charges on to kill," a youth said, shuddering. "Old men these may be. But they are Cossacks."

All unawares Nikolaitch led his riders up to the birches. And the machine gun's staccato death song spluttered out.

Nikolaitch's sabre flashed as it whirled. He spat curses between his long white moustaches. He must be as old as his years, he thought hopelessly, to have led men up to a death-trap like this. Tracer bullets weaved scarlet and yellow trails about them. A horse screamed, dropped kicking, and threw Kondrashov, rolling over the blossom-covered steppe. Gomov pulled up and leaned forward as if he were going to dismount. It was his last effort. He slumped forward, fell, was dragged by a stirrup until his old horse discovered what ailed him and halted trembling.

Two gone out of the valiant sixteen! The gun ceased fire. Observing the type of opponents with which they were fronted, the German gunners wanted to make their fun last.

Even as he shouted the order, Nikolaitch knew it for a hopeless venture. Should he have asked them to ride with him? Or should he have led them after the women? He glanced over his shoulder and found his answer in the eyes and the throats of the old men of Boriskassk; in their triumphant sabres. Vasily Vasilich, white hair (*Continued on page* 60)



THE vehicles creaked into movement. Ahead the frisky colts and the old women riding such horses as were left in Boriskassk. Then slow lumbering wagons

HOW to cook your goose

ONLY the rich and the lucky are likely to have a real goose to cook this Christmas, so, the culinary use of the term being irrelevant for the moment, this is a reminder of other ways of cooking your goose, or of not cooking it, if you want the festivities to be really festive.

Half the fun of Christmas lies in looking forward to nice things. Half the disappointment which often follows is in looking back upon things one could have arranged so much better if one had only thought.

At least, we don't have to worry about gastric after-effects. This may be Job's comfort, but comfort has to be taken where you can find it to-day, and, in any case, eating will be just as enjoyable as you make it.

If your Christmas dinner has been demoted to a mutton chop, you can be miserable about it if you wish, or, on the other hand, you can surround it with the same ritual with which you once served the turkey and plum-pudding and enjoy it.

If you prefer to serve apologies with each dish and lamentations with every course, you can be certain of cooking your Christmas goose well and truly. It is all a question of outlook. On the more practical side you can make certain of enjoying your own Christmas by sharing it with people who really need your co-operation to enjoy theirs.

Time brings no changes to the truth that it is better to give than to receive. Hard times, in fact, give a new stimulus to this old-established fact. There are lonely exiles all around now to whom one can give a very great measure of happiness by the smallest expenditure of kindness.

It is easy to say, " I haven't the food. I haven't the space," or even that " I haven't the time." You don't need them. You do need the will and sympathy to pity their plight and to give them a small share of what you have got.

Given the will to do this, you can still cook your own goose, and theirs, by mismanaging the whole affair.

Mix your party guests intelligently at all costs. Don't expect even the loneliest young man to be quite happy without the assistance of some young women, and *vice versa*. Don't expect him either to be happy and at ease in a strange home without some serious attempt on your own part to make him so.

Forget they are strangers, and that there is such a thing as English reserve. This is Christmas, and we have been fighting a war for four years to promote goodwill among men.

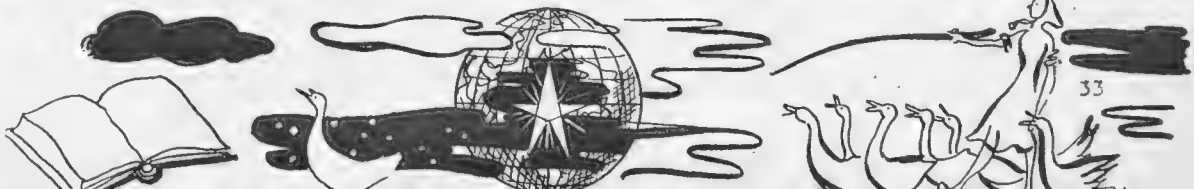
A sprinkling of children among the guests is excellent for the Christmas spirit. If they are a trifle boisterous, what of it?—this is the season of enjoyment.

On the personal side of the enjoyment question there are plenty of things to avoid unless you want to sabotage the comfort and enjoyment of your own Christmas.

If you are a war worker, and this has been a long, hard year of toil, this holiday should provide you with physical and mental relaxation. Take your enjoyment fully, but discreetly. Make all your plans in good time with plenty of margin for the quiet and the rest which is as essential as the fun.

If you are a housewife, the same broad principles apply. If you want to spoil your Christmas, and everyone else's too, you can go around with a martyred air declaiming upon the difficulties of making an old-fashioned Christmas when none of the essentials are available—not even the snow. You can tire yourself out with chores that might easily be postponed until the family are back at work, or, on the other hand, you can proceed cheerfully with what resources your skill and organisation can command. You can apologise for nothing and laugh off the difficulties.

W.K.



Where The

The world is full of sentimentalists. Even the toughest people have their vulnerable spots. Some of us are sentimental about dogs ; others about moonlight on a lake. We have our differences of opinion about these things, but there is one point at which opinion converges, and that is upon the sentimental appeal of Home.

Christmas has its own peculiar stimulus in this sense. Call it illusion, call it sentiment or what you like. The fact remains that at this season hearts everywhere turn with the tenderest feelings of yearning to the one place which, for every human being, represents the core of life.

What is it that makes this magic appeal ? Can anyone define the tender bonds which form a link—throughout all hardships and all separations—between men and women and some small spot upon the globe, either grand or not so grand, but more precious and more significant than all else ?

Little things—silly things, even—are rich in homely associations. It may be the memory of a particular wallpaper in a particular room ; a few books, a cluttered kitchen dresser, a jug without a handle, a beloved piano. You can't pin it down. It is a combination of the magic and the material, a continued solace to the heart.

It is an instinct so strong that men and women everywhere are creating reproductions of it ; temporary, heart-warming copies which must serve until the real thing comes back. A tiny garden outside an Army hut ; some photographs and a jar of flowers inside. The un-

Heart Is

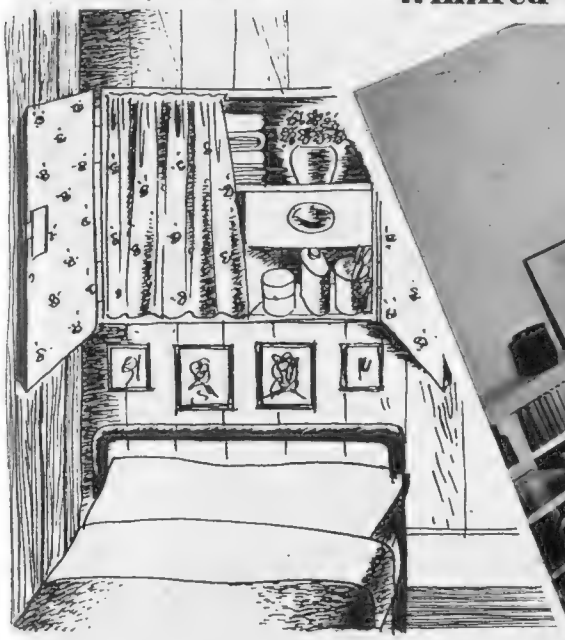
failing instinct crops up as doggedly in a furnished bed-sitting-room and the cubicle of a factory hostel, as it does in some far-distant dug-out. You cannot stop people creating home. You can remove them from all that is most dear and most familiar to them. You can strip them of all their possessions and most of their illusions and before you know it they are back again at the old task—creating a home. Salvaging the remains from a pile of rubble, building up an illusion of homeliness in a shelter. Men may kill and be killed ; women may toil and abandon many of the soft trappings of the feminine instinct, but the tender influence of home never fails.

We who remain have a great responsibility to discharge in seeing that the home and the principles upon which home is built are carefully preserved for those who have been separated from it.

No better service to our loved ones can be made than that of nursing and maintaining the home intact, unchanged, as far as is compatible with war. It is worth the greatest endeavour and the most continuous struggle to keep this sacred trust.

Time marches on. Conditions change. Separation drives a bitter wedge between the companionship and understanding of human beings, but this link remains to us, more solid and more significant than any. A meeting-ground for the future. A place to build a life of new happiness and new endeavour.

Winifred Lewis



DRESS: By JEAN BURNUP, Editor Women's Department

1. Petunias, mauves, yellows, greens, in surprising juxtaposition, make the striped full skirt, enliven the trim bodice of a dark, zippy little woollen frock. There are also slit pockets, a self belt, an open-or-closed collar. Harrod's. £10 2s. 4d.

2. Again—and, of course, for ever—the Little Black Dress, here at its smoothest, with sleek cut, draped pockets, a throat bow in one with yoke, ingenious back bodice and skirt drapery, gilt buttons. It also comes in red, brown, ice-blue. Debenham and Freebody. £15 11s. 3d.

3. For dress-up nights, consider the blouse and skirt. The line is young, interchanges are endless. This lush black crepe blouse from Helena Geffers is imaginatively prettied up with frou-frou detachable lace collar and cuffs, threaded with orange velvet ribbon. £8 18s. 6d. The full skirt, in heavy silk fabric, has a belt with gold studs and crocodile fronts, which also would get attention. Fenwick's. £5 1s. 11d.

4. Finally, an efficient and stylish button-through wool Angora jersey, coming in a wide range of beautiful muted colours, true to the high Wolsey standards of cut, fabric, design and detail. At front and back the bodice gathers and blouses into an inset belt. Bishop's sleeves, clever pockets, strategic seam-stitching add interest. The stitched round neck is a background for changing neckwear. This dress, with other, equally interesting Wolsey spring models, will be available at the end of next month in good shops throughout the country, although, necessarily, in restricted supply. About £5.

Turn-about Woolly

Wear it this way as a Cardigan, Back to Front as a Jumper

MATERIALS

9 oz. "Argosy" 3-ply pure Botany wool; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34-36 in.; length, 19 in.; sleeve seam, 19 in.

TENSION

7 st. to 1 in. in width.

PATTERN

1st row.—P. (right side of work). **2nd row.**—Knit. Repeat these two rows once. **5th row.**—P. 6, *k. 7 in the next st. by working into back and front of st. alternately until 7 st. have been made. P. 1, k. 7 into next st., p. 9*. Rep. between ** to end, finishing with p. 6. **6th row.**—K. 6, *p. 7, k. 1, p. 7, k. 9*. Rep. between ** to end, finishing k. 6. **7th row.**—P. 6, *(sl. next 6 st. purlwise, k. 1, sl. the 6 sl. st. over the last knitted one and off needle), p. 1, rep. between brackets, p. 9*. Rep. between ** to end, finishing p. 6. **8th row.**—Knit. **9th row.**—P. 7, *k. 7 into next st., p. 11*. Rep. between ** to end, finishing p. 7.

10th row.—K. 7, *p. 7, k. 11*. Rep. between ** to end, finishing k. 7. **11th row.**—P. 7, *sl. the next 6 st. purlwise, k. 1, pass the 6 sl. st. over, p. 11*. Rep. between ** to end, finishing p. 7. **12th, 14th** and **16th rows.**—Knit. **13th** and **15th rows.**—Purl. **17th row.**—*K. 7 in first st., p. 1, k. 7 in next st., p. 9*. Rep. between ** to end, and finishing with set of knot st. **18th row.**—*P. 7, k. 1, p. 7, k. 9*. Rep. between ** to end, finishing p. 7, k. 1, p. 7. **19th row.**—*Sl. 6 st. purlwise, k. 1, sl. the 6 st. over, k. 1, sl. 6 st. purlwise, k. 1, sl. the 6 st. over, p. 9*. Rep. to end, finishing sl. 6 st. over, k. 1. **20th row.**—Knit. These 20 rows form the pattern.

FRONT

Cast on 99 st. on No. 11 needles. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, including 1 st. at each end of every 8th row, until there are 121 st.

Continue without shaping until work measures 12 in. from start. Shape armholes by casting off 6 st. at beg. of next two rows, then k. 2 tog. each end of every alternate row, until 93 st. remain. Now work straight until garment measures 15 in. from start. Change to k. 1, p. 1 rib, and continue until work measures 19 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

(Continued on p. 56)

Chunky Jersey

A New, Interesting Design High-lights this Cosy Sweater

MATERIALS

9 oz. Copley Smith's 3-ply Excelsior wool; Nos. 9 and 11 needles; 4 buttons; a spare needle.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 in.; length, 21 in.; sleeve seam, 18 in.

TENSION

8 st. and 10 rows to 1 in.
(The first 7 in. of work should measure about 13 in. across.)

THE BACK

Cast on 110 st. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 in. Now work pattern as follows (do *not* change needles).

1st row.—K. 4, p. 4, k. 6, p. 4, k. 4, p. 22, rep. from * to end, ending p. 4, k. 4. **2nd row.**—*P. 4, k. 4, p. 6, k. 4, p. 4, k. 22, rep. from * to end, ending k. 4, p. 4. **3rd row.**—As 1st, but k. 22 instead of p. 22. **4th row.**—As 2nd, but p. 22 instead of k. 22. **5th row.**—As 1st. **6th row.**—**P. 2, *sl. the next 2 st. on to spare needle and leave at back of work, k. the next 2 st. then p. the 2 st. from the spare needle, sl. the next 2 st. on to spare needle and leave at front of work, p. the next 2 st. then k. the 2 st. from spare needle, p. 2. Rep. from * once, k. 22. Rep. from ** to end of row.

7th row.—*K. 2, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2, k. 22. Rep. from * to end. **8th row.**—*P. 2, k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p. 2, p. 22. Rep. from * to end. **9th row.**—As 7th, but p. 22 instead of k. 22. **10th row.**—As 8th, but k. 22 instead of p. 22. **11th row.**—As 7th. **12th row.**—**P. 2, *sl. next 2 st. on a spare needle and leave at front of work, p. the next 2 st., then k. the 2 st. from spare needle. Sl. the next 2 st. on to a spare needle and leave at back of work, k. the next 2 st., then p. the 2 st. from the spare needle, p. 2. Rep. from * once, p. 22. Rep. from ** to end of row. **13th row.**—As 1st. **14th row.**—As 2nd. **15th row.**—As 1st. **16th row.**—As 2nd.

Now form check pattern by working the groups of 22 k. and p. st. over the cable rounds, and the cable rounds over the groups of k. and p. st. The first row will be as follows: *P. 22 st., k. 4, p. 4, k 6, p. 4, k. 4, rep. from * to end. **2nd row.**—*K. 22 st., p. 4, k. 4, p. 6, k. 4, p. 4. Rep. from * to end. When there are 7 in. from casting on change to No. 9 needles and continue pattern for another 4 in. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 4 st. increased at each edge, making 112 st. (Continued on p. 56)

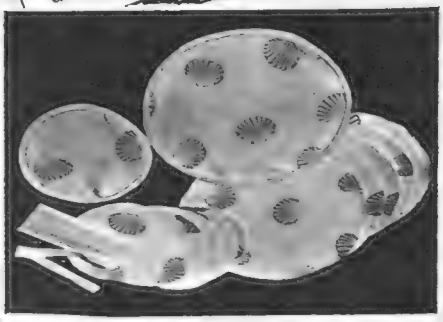
Christmas

MOTHER

Linen ; crockery ; good cosmetics ; a voucher for beauty treatment or perm ; patchwork apron, working gloves, tea-cosy, cushion-cover, tray-cloth ; dishwashers, mops or rug yarn ; first aid for home accident, including china ; chamois leather ; shopping-basket ; set of brown paper-bags ; preparations for hand-care ; cookery-book, account-book, note-books

FATHER

Seeds, tools, books, catalogues if he loves his garden ; a lighter, flints, Ronsol ; a diary, shoe-cleaning outfit ; hair-brushes ; a good belt ; an all-purpose knife ; a pair of home-made leather gloves ; a wallet or tobacco-pouch ; hair-oil ; walking-stick ; a full bottle from your cellar ; insoles for his old slippers ; a book-marker

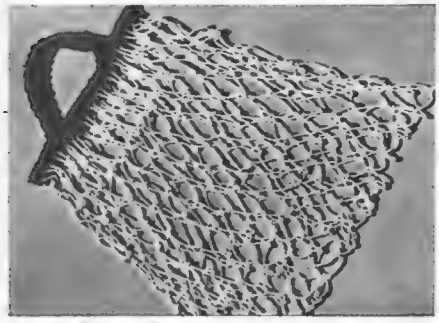


Any old piece of fabric with body to it will make attractive round or square table mats. If fabric is plain, use coloured bind and embroider initials or spots

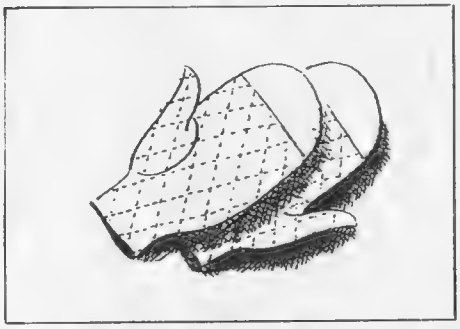
Pieces of soft woollen fabric sewn together horizontally. Choose colours carefully and they will make a smart scarf. Over-sew on the wrong side

A painted flower-pot for the dull corner, filled with early bulbs, or with painted or gilded teasels, poppy-seed cases, honesty pods, or everlasting flowers

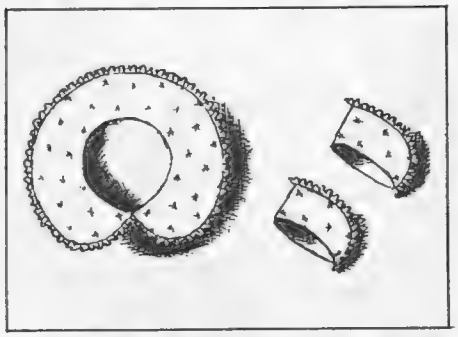
Anything towards his shave—if you are lucky, you will get good shaving-soap, such as Floris provides ; razors, blades, strops and healing lotions are all in this line



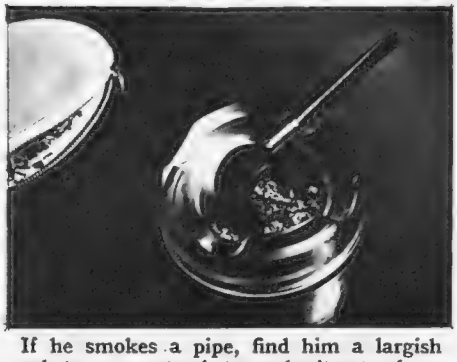
Knitted, crocheted or knotted-in string with coloured contrast, this shopping-bag is a valuable gift. Knit it on large needles, with smaller needles for top and handle



Padded one side and not at tip, this allows for heavy work, as well as dirty, in the garden. Cut out to shape of hand and pad before stitching together

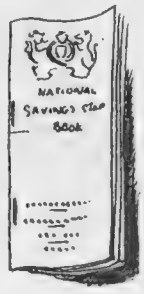


A fragment of piqué, linen or lawn will make a precious, fresh-looking set of collar and cuffs—copy one of your own. Embroider spots, edge with lace



If he smokes a pipe, find him a largish ash-tray—most ash-trays don't cater for a pipe. Tobacco, matches and pouch, or if he is not a pipe-smoker, cigarettes

NEVER before in our lifetime has Christmas depended so utterly on the individual effort. You can have a real Christmas-hater's season with every excuse in the world ; or with a little ingenuity and work you can still make it as thrilling and loving and giving as usual.

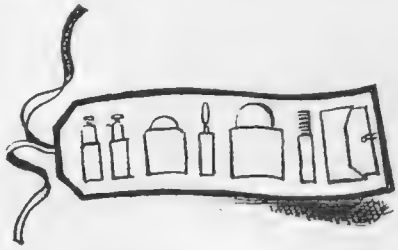


Forget those accumulative instincts that the war has fostered, and, if you are a town-dweller, send some of those shopping treasures to your country cousin who has never a hope of any special " finds " ; if you are a country cousin, remember that the hen will lay again next week, and send a baker's half-dozen to your town friend. Or you may be able to spare some nuts you have gathered, or a fattened bird.

Search out the white elephants in your corners and attic trunks . . . something that you have never used that someone else may treasure—an evening bag, an old brooch, a bangle or necklace. Make things out of odd pieces—an old towel will make face-cloths for a

* * * *

The Services. To girl or boy, at home or abroad, it is the little luxuries that we can send them that matter. A couple of cakes of luxury soap, a pound of home-made candy, a jar of home-made jam ; some home-made



biscuits, a fruit-cake and a plum-pudding. Or if you know their ambitions and hobbies, a magazine

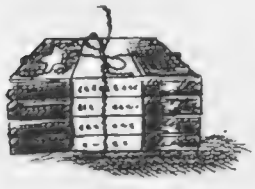
* * * *

The Children. Any girl will be delighted with a home-made doll if you take care to draw and embroider and rouge the face carefully, sew wool for hair and stuff the body firmly and dress it with detail and with everything removable. All tiny children will take to Teddy-bears made from an old velvet curtain or an old rough-haired coat ; dogs and horses are simple to make and effective. You can buy patterns at most stores. A drawing-book and paints and coloured pencils are for the

Giving

family, an old linen sheet will make laundry-bags, aprons, tray-cloths, table-mats. Old curtains, if gaily coloured, will do for tea-cosies, cushion-covers, working gloves and gardening aprons with large pockets.

Age and sex make no limits when it comes to a library subscription (Harrods will post to the country, and so will other large London libraries); book tokens, diaries, calendars, are in the same category. Other suggestions: Gift tokens for some good store, of any value; saving certificates; writing-paper or case, stamp book worth 5s.; Complevite or Vitamin tablets for adults; theatre tickets for the family; a plum-pudding (twin of your own); a pound of home-made candy if you manage to save from your sugar ration; bicycle accessories if your recipient is in the suburbs or country; a torch, a large bottle of ink; and no matter what value you want to give, however little or big—saving stamps.



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subscription that will help them to prepare for the post-war career, or a set of books that deal with their interest. For a girl you can always give something that she can save towards her own home or glory-box on her home-coming—it promises happiness and a welcome for her; cosmetics; talc powder; a bed-jacket made from odds and ends; preparations for hand and nail care; a good pack for washing tackle, or a suit-case for leaves. For a boy, this same washing tackle, shaving tackle, hair-cream, combs, brushes, a pile of Penguins, some old playing-cards, if you cannot get any new ones, and a hobby-book that will awaken an interest in his old and future hobby.

* * * *

larger child, also a scrap-book, with a mass of scraps ready to be cut in detail and stuck in. Picture-books, of course, and a big sentimental picture for the nursery wall of dogs and animals.

WIFE

Bag, belt, fob, necklace, veil, glamour snood, posy; lambskin; heel guards; a swatch of pastel silks for mending; striped socks knitted out of odd bits; hair-setting cap and comb; a piece of suède in a gay shade; all-over lace for a blouse; a rain-hood, an umbrella, a tray, with cloth, for Sunday breakfast

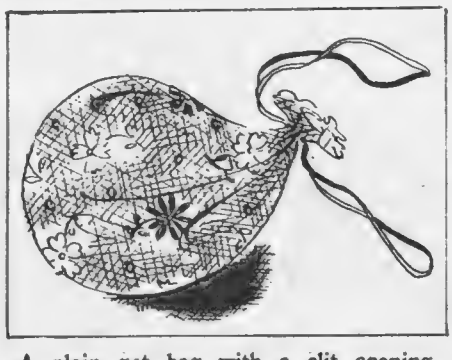
ADOLESCENTS

Ambitions and hobbies will dictate books and tools; their own rooms need furnishings and ornaments. All their pursuits offer a range of suitable gifts: talc, bathing-essence, nail-care tackle, will thrill the girl; compass, knife, belt, map, torch and tools will thrill the boy. Let them choose their own library with book tokens

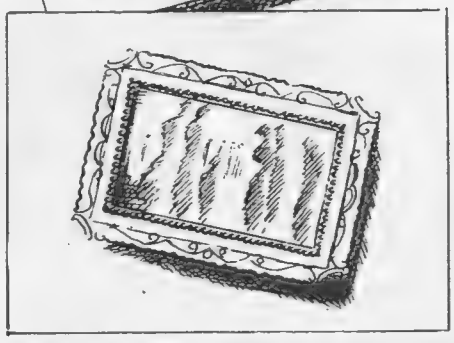
Handmade from suède and a shop-bought pattern, these are a real treasure and coupon-saver. Or give her the makings and let her do them for herself

Velvet ribbon in gay colours about 2-in. wide can be stitched together to make a handy knitting-needle tidy. Fill with different sets of needles—like tiny golf-bags

You can get her all the things she wants for her work-box—if you have time for shopping and she hasn't. You may find her some special treats in ribbon and hair-pins



A plain net bag with a slit opening, glamorised with bobbles or posies, is a neat and pretty way of keeping cotton wool in one and the same place



Boy or girl, you can find some picture that will give them pleasure to hang on their wall—and make them feel that it is good to have one's own things

Nothing can surpass the devotion that a pet will give its young owner; it is a present that excites for years and will repay any added work necessitated by it

Living in stirring times, they will thank you if you start them on the path of keeping a book record in cuttings, old tickets, letters, cards, any mementoes

Something to give adolescence pride of body—a hand-made bath-mitt knitted in fine string. It will combat spottiness by zipping up the circulation

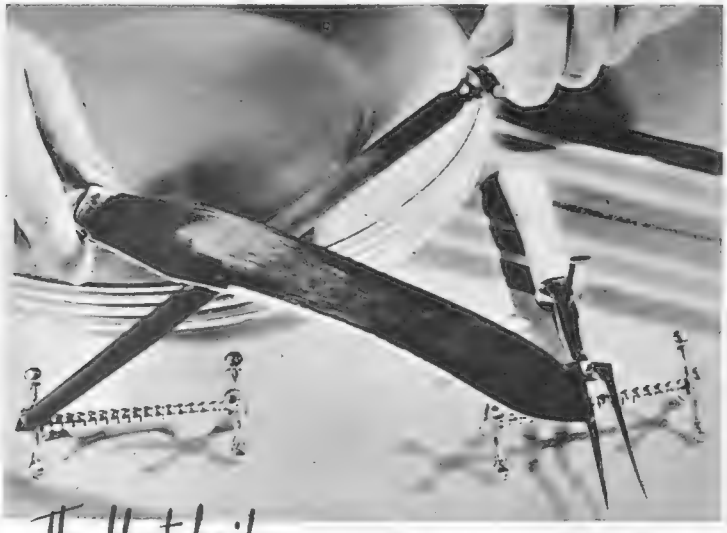
Don't Put Up With Break Downs

Changing a plug

Undo the small screws in the bakelite top. The plug will then come apart, revealing the terminal points around which the two ends of wire are wound. Undo the screws in each terminal. With a knife carefully clean off the outside covering from one end of the wire until the bare ends of wire are revealed. You will find there are two separate ends of wire, each of which must now be threaded through each hole in the terminal points. Replace the screws, put back the bakelite top, and screw down.

The worn flex

Vacuum cleaners sometimes fail because of a short circuit caused by a break in the wires beneath the flex covering. These worn places in the lead are dangerous as well as inconvenient, as they are liable to cause a shock. Look for places where the outside covering shows signs of wear. Cut a piece of insulating tape, which can be bought at the electrical dealers, bind it tightly round the worn parts until the exposed wires are covered. If the wires underneath are broken apart, an entirely new lead must be fitted.



The blunt knife

No self-respecting carver continues without really sharp knives. The correct way to put a good edge on a knife is to hold it firmly in the right hand and to draw it *towards* you, starting with the shoulder of the blade at the point of the steel and ending with the point of the blade at the shoulder of the steel. Never sharpen a knife away from you, as pulling the blade off the point of the steel turns the edge again.

Fixing a shelf

Putting up a shelf or any fitting which requires that screws should be driven into the walls necessitates the use of Rawlplugs so that the plaster shall not be damaged. A Rawlplug outfit includes an implement with which a small hole can be bored in the wall. Into this is fitted a special plug into which, in turn, the screw is driven without damage to the wall. Detailed but quite simple instructions are supplied with all Rawlplug outfits.

Mending a hinge

Sagging gates and cellar doors are frequently due to a worn hinge. If the hinge itself has rusted it must be replaced, but often the trouble lies with the wood beneath, which has rotted where the screws are driven in. In this case, remove the hinge and plug the old screw-hole with plastic wood or Rawlplugs before replacing the hinge.

Electric Iron

Electric-iron breakdowns may be due to a blown fuse, a worn flex or to the wire-wound element having burnt out. Check up first on the fuse and the flex to see if these are sound before examining the element, which is covered with mica and lives between the base of the iron and the weight, which you will find when you take the iron apart. Replacement elements can be bought with spring connectors which automatically make contact with the terminals.

Your Gift to the War Effort

How about a Christmas gift to the war effort? Here is a small contribution that will cost no more than a little extra thought and a dash of increased organisation. Put this Special Contribution to the Salvage Situation on your gift list.

Collect your Christmas cards and greetings for the salvage bag. One Christmas card, remember, will make four cartridges.

Keep all the wrappings of presents: the used crackers—if you have any—even the Christmas bills. After all, it's a nice thought that one bill can make a washer for a shell.

Old electric light bulbs are valuable. They make cartridge cases.

Short ends of string shouldn't be overlooked. Put them with rags in the salvage bag too.

Bones from the Christmas joint or the turkey—well, you may be one of the lucky ones—can round off your gift. Slip in the wishbone, too, and make it your wish that everybody will be as helpful as you have been.

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

DO you know Athens in spring, when the nightingales sing under the stars? "The magic of Theocritus is in the air, and the bees draw honey from the moonlight." So muses M. Andre Michalopoulos, crossing the Zappeion Gardens, under eucalyptus trees and cypresses, to broadcast to England a few nights before the Germans marched in and he sailed for Crete in a yacht which was bombed en route at Polyaigos, with the loss of eleven lives.

His chapter "Odyssey" in "**Greek Fire**" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is a model of good writing. The rest comprises radio talks, articles, addresses, which record eloquently—and sometimes with irony—the Axis occupation, the Greek's heroic resistance, the spiritual issues underlying the conflict, the significant contributions of Metaxas, Korizia, and King George II. Educated at St. Paul's and Oxford, Greek Minister of Information 1941-1943, M. Michalopoulos has a command of English that enables him to present his country to readers and listeners with a fervour that excites sympathy and admiration. The nightingales sing on; soon will come the lark ascending . . .

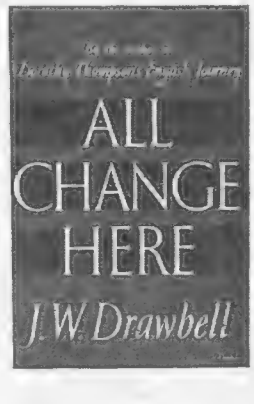
Mr. Harry J. Greenwall has known Portugal, as a "crisis" correspondent, since 1921. In "**Our Oldest Ally**" (W. H. Allen, 7s. 6d.) he describes his many visits, gives a factual survey of the country to-day, and salutes "the kindest people I have ever met." Lisbon, he says, "has a romantic charm of its own, a nonchalance, the air of a middle-aged buccaneer who has settled down, but who nevertheless retains a roving eye for a well-turned leg." There is a close-up of Salazar, the shy, austere, thrifty dictator who never wanted to rule, spends under £30 a week on himself, has a small house in Lisbon, and a small farm, sits with a rug over his knees to save fires, and balances his country's budget with monotonous regularity. Would you know the nation that lent us the Azores? Here it is, in brief.

IS it not an intriguing theme for drama—the conflicting hereditary strains in a man's blood? Miss Margery Allingham uses it to effect in her novel "**Dance of the Years**" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). Back in the days of the Napoleonic menace—not so hot, compared with Hitler's—old Will Galantry, country squire in his sixties, married a young gipsy girl, Shulie. Impelled by her love of the open road—and the grim ministrations of the servants—she fled Farthing Hall to bear her baby in a ditch, with Galantry's old stableman Larch as midwife. As Larch says of the boy James with the aristocratic hands and legs of his father, "he's 'a bit carty about the neck and head,'" so there was bound to be conflict. A dream of descendants caught in the toils of the present war shows the two strains still battling for dominance. Miss Allingham could not write a poor story on any theme; this one is thoughtful, fundamental, expertly written.

Heredity colours also "**The Forest and the Fort**" (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.) by Hervey Allen, whose "Anthony Adverse" was an event. Here the conflict is between the hero's white ancestry and his Indian upbringing, for Salathiel Albine was kidnapped by a chief in childhood and nurtured as his own son. Contact with a captive missionary stirs a craving to return to his own people, which he does by entering Fort Pitt—which the Indians are besieging—becoming personal servant to the commandant, and accompanying him on a tour of the territory outposts after the fort is relieved. The background is western Pennsylvania at the time of the Seven Years' War, when Philadelphian pioneers are pressing westwards against Indian hostility and Government obstruction. A forest fierce with "Injun" feathers, arrows, war-paint, war-whoops; a fort held by a captain of epic stature; what more would you who have outgrown but not outloved your Fennimore Cooper?

IT is a mellow change to Oxford in the first year of the war, with Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole as guide. Rhett, in "**Oxford Goes to War**" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is a U.S. undergraduate at "Bibliol" with its "cellar where the crusted port keeps, in a perfect temperature, company with the Napoleon brandy, and its lavatories where the (*Continued on page* 68)

Home Front Pepys



HISTORY will have a place for the home front as well as battle-front chronicler. I can see posterity turning to Mr. James Wedgwood Drawbell's "**All Change Here**" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) to know what we did, thought, and talked about through these anxious days of war, for he is a lively, alert Pepys of journalism, netting the passing moment with the whoop of a boy after a butterfly. Anything starts him off—the Canadian who asks: "What has happened to all the beautiful British women?"; the R.A.F. boy who says to his girl: "See you on Friday," and is answered: "Rather! If there *is* a Friday"; or "One of the most fascinatingly incredible spectacles . . . long queues of people who had lived through experiences greater and more ennobling than any film could depict, waiting patiently outside cinemas to be thrilled with the synthetic bombings of *Mrs. Miniver*." We live, observe, argue, grumble, forget; Mr. Drawbell swoops, records, preserves, with cut-backs to peace time memories like the fantastic parties of the "roaring twenties." In praising this journal we reciprocate the compliment he pays in finding us so interesting.

In The Days of the Toll-gate

Written and Illustrated by

E. R. Winstone

Turnpike House, Marshfield East Gate, Marshfield, Gloucestershire. To this house are measured the miles on the local milestones.

(Right) The quaint old toll-house at Stanton Drew

DOTTED about our older roads are quite a number of toll-gates and toll-houses, obstructions to fast traffic in days gone by, as potent as the present tank traps devised to prevent the enemy from free use of the king's highway.

In the past twenty years quite a number of the surviving tolls have been swept away though too many still persist even to-day. Some are on private roads (for instance, the easier climb alongside Porlock Hill in Somerset); others are chargeable on bridges (Clifton Suspension Bridge, Bristol, will be freed in some years' time; Menai Bridge, North Wales, now has no toll); but the more interesting relics are the quaint little old houses by the wayside, once the turnpike cottages, which housed the turnpike-keepers. Standing usually at a road junction, their windows face the lines of traffic, and some bear a long list of tolls which were payable in the coaching era. These usually mention all vehicles imaginable as well as charges payable for oxen, horses, mules, asses, sheep, etc.

Heavily laden wagons had their load assessed by old-fashioned weighing-machines, of which one very good example is still to be seen at Soham, in Cambridgeshire, dating from about 1740.

In some cases a toll-bridge is auctioned as a paying proposition, though the Ministry of Transport has not been a bidder ! The Burrowbridge toll-gate, in Somerset, is sold annually, the price rising from £513 in 1925 to a record of £1,830 in 1938. This represented 146,400 customers at 3d. per head before expenses were cleared ! The auction was unique in that it is held in an old Langport posting-house, and the sale conducted by a centuries-old sand-glass. When the final bid is made it is turned up three times before clinching the deal.

Sark toll-house, the first building over the border from Carlisle, became a serious competitor to Gretna Green as a venue for runaway couples, and over 10,000 marriages have been performed there. Its distinctive one-story design and white-washed walls attract the eye of the traveller.

Burrowbridge toll-gate. The auction for the fees is held every year in an old posting-house in Langport, and an old sand-glass is turned three times after the final bid

In the beautiful Lake district is this old turnpike house at Keswick, Cumberland, Mount Skiddaw can be seen in the background

An old weighing-machine at Soham, Cambridgeshire, which was used for assessing tolls for heavily laden wagons in the old turnpike days

Sark toll-house, Dumfriesshire, the first building in Scotland over the border from Carlisle, became a serious competitor to Gretna Green as a venue for runaway couples

On Duty and Off

No one, not even the most romantic man, can be bothered with languid loveliness in these days. You may be as pretty as a Hollywood starlet, but if the corners of your mouth droop constantly you might just as well be as plain as a schoolmarm, for all the admiration you will inspire. The women who have "got what it takes" look alive from the top of their heads to the tips of their toes. The highlights in their hair come as much from good health as from a good shampoo and plenty of hair brushing. Under their make-up their complexions are fighting fit. They walk well and hold themselves well because they feel well.

By Jane Gordon

At a rough guess I would say that nearly eighty per cent of the country's blondes now wear uniform, and, thinking of blondes puts me in mind of brightening rinses, bleaches and hair tinting, a fascinating subject of which the average woman is pathetically ignorant. In the piping days of peace, when you could buy any shade of brightening rinse, technical knowledge was not necessary. All you had to do was to follow the instructions carefully to obtain the results you wanted. Nowadays, any blonde who depends entirely on peroxide and ammonia needs to be pretty certain what she is at if she wishes to avoid rainbow results

Many women prefer to use peroxide neat without the addition of any ammonia.

The method of parting the hair systematically is the only satisfactory one

Peroxide, as you know, is sold in ten and twenty volumes. Twenty volumes is usually used for bleaching the hair. If the results are going to be good the solution must be fresh, because being kept for some considerable time will cause deterioration. Also, if the solution has been shaken about much it may deteriorate. For this reason it is best to buy the peroxide fresh and not keep it.

The addition of a little ammonia increases the efficiency of the hydrogen of peroxide. The action of the peroxide is much quicker if the ammonia is added, and ammonia, being an alkali, also has a de-greasing effect on the hair. The amount of ammonia required can be determined by putting a small quantity of peroxide in a white saucer and dipping in a little litmus paper, which you can get from your chemist. The litmus paper will turn red. Add the ammonia drop by drop, stirring all the time until the paper changes back to blue again. If too much ammonia is added the hair may be damaged, the scalp and the skin may be blistered, and the bleached effect will be spoilt by red tints. In any case, not more than one part of ammonia to thirty of peroxide should be used.

So long as the hair is clean and dry there is no need to use a shampoo before applying the bleach. If, however, the hair is naturally oily, or has not been washed during the previous week, it is best to shampoo it before using peroxide as bleaches cannot penetrate grease, and no bleach or tint works on hair which is in the slightest degree greasy. Also, the hair must be absolutely dry before it is treated with the peroxide.

At first bleaching the peroxide has to be distributed evenly all over the head to get a good result, and the method of parting the hair systematically is the only satisfactory one. It needs a bit of practice and works like this. Start with a centre parting from the forehead to the nape of the neck. The solution is applied with a piece of cotton wool or a well-worn toothbrush along the parting. Ten partings are used for each side, ½ in. or ¾ in. away from each other and always starting the first side parting at the back ½ in. above the nape of the neck and running up towards the lobe of the ear, working towards the crown of the head and ending at the forehead line.

First the left side of the head is treated, then the right. If the hair is short the solution is used to brush through the length of the hair at each parting. If the hair is shoulder length then the ends must be treated with a weaker solution afterwards, a little distilled water being added to the original strength.

When all the hair has been treated with the mixture careful watch must be kept until it is sufficiently bleached. The action of peroxide is said to continue, if not stopped, for twenty-four hours. The time it takes for bleaching depends on the texture of the hair, its natural colour and the tone it is to be bleached. If the hair is very coarse, curly and naturally greasy, the time taken will, of course, be longer. Light brown hair naturally takes less time to bleach than a darker shade. Between ten and forty minutes is the usual time taken, but the hair should be examined after every ten minutes, and as soon as it is sufficiently bleached it must be either shampooed or very thoroughly dried. Rough drying should be avoided. The hair should be patted dry rather than rubbed. Shampoos should be lightly given and quick, with thorough rinsing, and it is a good thing to remember that peroxide is definitely very drying and can be irritating to a delicate skin. In any case, it is wise to use a little brilliantine, if you can get it, after the bleach. If you cannot get brilliantine, then put two dabs of vaseline in the palm of your hand, rub your brush over it briskly, and brush your hair gently but thoroughly.

Once the hair has been bleached only the roots must be touched up. If the bleach used for touching up the roots runs over the hair already treated it will turn that hair a lighter shade, take out more of the natural oil and devitalise the hair, leaving it dry, brittle, straw-like, without sheen, and with split ends.

Another disadvantage of over-bleached hair is that it absolutely refuses to take any kind of a wave.

The systematic parting should be used for touching up the roots, and a little soap can be brushed on the hair just below the roots to protect the hair from the peroxide. Only the smallest quantity needs to be used.

(Continued on page 64)

Get all your clothes out and arrange them around the room

Wise Words About Your

EXTREMITIES are your bugbear in winter, icy fingers and numb toes. If you can manage to keep your circulation pumping briskly right down into fingers and toes you will avoid many little shivers. Wear socks on your toes if they are stationary and if you are in the damp or out in bad weather, try to get socks made of the greasy wool such as is used for seamen's stockings.

Have one pair of shoes made waterproof with dubbin if you are not able to get waterproof overshoes; massage oil of eucalyptus into the soles of your feet each wintry morning. If your feet do get wet, get those stockings off as soon as possible and soak feet in a mustard bath to re-warm them.

Massage your feet at night with warm oil or vaseline, especially if you are inclined to sport any enlarged joints, and when you don't massage, paint iodine on the enlarged joint. This is helpful for hands as well as feet, but if you are starting to find joints inflamed or enlarged, consult your doctor in case you should take immediate precautionary measures against arthritis or rheumatism.

Having resolved to keep feet dry and healthy, you may avoid colds, but be prepared for the first signs of one and at the beginnings of a sore throat, tickling nasal passages, or sneezes, start gargling with T.C.P. and take two ammoniated quinine tablets. Cold germs double themselves every four hours, so you must gargle every four hours, otherwise, although you keep them down, you don't manage to finish them off. Also scrub the back of the tongue lightly with a soft toothbrush dipped in antiseptic. If you have a milk drink before going to bed, repeat this tongue-scrubbing, as milk coats the back of the tongue and makes a happy playground for germs.

A better nightcap when there is a cold hanging around is lemon essence and barley in hot water with a couple of aspirins—provided you haven't taken the quinine tablets recently. The hot lemon and aspirin may help you to perspire and rid the body of a lot of poisons and thus alleviate the cold.

Also keep your pillow high to prevent mucus collecting at the back of the throat—germs love congestion.

Get some soothing pastilles at your chemist for the sore throat. Once your cold is over its worst phase keep up the gargle. Do not accept a remaining mild catarrh as normal, nor a cough. Use an inhalant, such as Benzedrine, or apply pieces of cotton wool wet with T.C.P. to the nostrils, continue to gargle and deep breathe in the fresh air. Take small doses of T.C.P. in water.

Winter weather makes all the little aches and pains in our bodies wake up and twist themselves around. It may be the cold, but it is more likely the winter fug and fireside huddling that get little backwaters of toxins all over our bodies. Winter foods are generally too starchy and make for faulty elimination—so take a mild aperient once a week or once a fortnight. Drink water regularly, and don't overdo the tea. If you want hot beverages get the habit of having a pot of soup on the fire. Vegetables and bacon rind will do, strained and drunk hot. It is beneficial, whereas, even with rationing, people are still able, in large families, to take more cups of tea than are good for them.

The friction rub suggested on the facing page is just as important for health because your circulation is the central heating system of the body, and any friction stimulates and peps it up, the same applies to exercise.

Get all the outdoor exercise you can. Avoid germ-laden atmospheres as far as you can. If you work in a congested atmosphere insist on the regular disinfecting of the room during winter months or if any one has a cold. It is only for three months or so, remember, and then you will be sprucing yourself up for the spring.

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Your Party Face

DON'T experiment on the party day. If you want to be dashing and use rouge, eye-shadow or mascara when you are not in the habit of doing so, have a full-dress rehearsal earlier, otherwise you may get a displeasing effect and have to take it all off, making yourself flustered.

Your main concern is the canvas for the paint—that happy feeling face and skin that is to hold the make-up.

Hair should be pinned into the shape required for the party hair-do and then covered. Prepare heated eye lotion; pads of cotton wool to cover eyes; a little gauze bag holding one ounce of unrationed oatmeal, and some good skinfood or milk of magnesia—the latter to be used as a home-made mask.

Wash your face in hot water with the oatmeal bag, scrubbing hard, rinse in hot water. Apply the coating of cream or magnesia. Work some cream well into your hands. Put the pads of cotton wool soaked in eye lotion to your eyes. Then lie down for ten minutes, feet higher than head. Up. Wash or clean off your home-made mask and wash again with oatmeal

Winter Health And Looks

WINTER does its best to pinch our cheeks, chap our hands and tweek our noses, but with care you can keep his evil frolics at bay. The most important thing for sensitive skins is a make-up which is a protection. Whether in town or country, whether glamour or outdoor type, you must—if you have a fine skin—wear a good foundation under your powder.

Try to alternate cream and lotion turn and turn about. On the iciest days, massage a smear of skinfood into your cheeks before applying a foundation lotion; then powder.

It is only by having a good protective foundation that you can prevent that charming colouring from turning into ageing red veins.

If you get cheeks caught by the heat of the fire, apply a soothing lotion or a skinfood immediately and resolve to sit farther away in future. Fires are as bad for the skin as blizzards. Even normal and greasy skins would be wise to follow this advice in winter; and, no matter what your type, however remote your habitation, don't go out of doors without lipstick. Your cows and chickens may not be appreciative, but your lips will be.

The moment your lips feel the least sore, give them an application of Collins's Healing Lotion at night. They should feel all right by morning, if you catch them in time. Occasionally massage skinfood into them too.

Once a week, get an old soft toothbrush, some hot toilet paraffin and give your face and neck a good cleansing and stimulating scrubbing, especially around nostrils, forehead and all around neck. Sensitive skins should avoid scrubbing any red-vein surfaces.

Wipe off thoroughly with cotton wool (wet with an astringent, tonic or hot water if you are a greasy skin type) and then repeat gently with a solution of milk of magnesia and leave this fine film on overnight if you can. If you are a blue-hue-er during the winter, do this scrubbing twice a week to keep your circulation glowing.

Hands are winter cinderellas. Icy water, cold blasts, hot water, cold blasts—it is a wonder they survive. Wear gloves always when you go out of doors, and wear gloves for all the dirty work you can. For grates and gardening give your hands a soap application under the gloves. If you are a factory worker and can't wear gloves this is also a great help as dirt on top of the soap application will wash off more easily later. Never go to bed without working every particle of dirt off your hands.

After watery work, apply toilet paraffin to your dried hands, if you can get no hand lotion. The minute your hands start to chap, apply Collins's Healing Lotion at night. Forgo a couple of extra cups of tea and add to the saved teaspoon of sugar two teaspoonsful of mutton fat purified in boiling water. Massage this mixture into your hands, leaving it on, under gloves, all night.

This, once a week, would be a great beauty treatment for hands, keeping them soft and white.

If finger-tips split wear a waterproof finger-stall until the crack is mended, and if more than one finger-tip splits try to wear rubber gloves until your hands are better—for all wet work at least—cotton alone will do for dusty duties.

If you suffer with chilblains, send to us for a special chilblain care routine.

To keep the body beautiful, avoiding purple gooseflesh and suchlike, make yourself a coarse string mitt; dip it in a salt solution and massage legs and upper arms briskly before your bath. Rub them well dry with a coarse towel afterwards and then powder.

If you are brave enough, give yourself a friction rub all over with the mitt, every day. Sprinkle the mitt with a few drops of toilet water, eau de Cologne or lavender water, and use it after your bath; you should really have one mitt to use dry for after drying and one to use wet for before bathing. They are simple to knit with string.

bag and hot water if you have used cream. Splash with cold rain water or a skin tonic, dry gently, bathe your eyes in warm eye lotion.

You should, by now, have a happy face, smooth, firm and thoroughly cleansed, ready for your super make-up, and groomed to keep that make-up fresh for the duration of the party.

Good Food For Your

ROYAL TURKEY

Sauté in deep margarine three prunes, a ¼ lb. of sausage meat, 3 tablespoonfuls of haricot bean puree mixed with raw, chopped onion, 2 slices of bacon, and half a cooked pear, if available. Chop up the liver and gizzard of the turkey and mix with the other ingredients. Add ½ glass of vinegar and use this as a stuffing. First braise the turkey for ¾ hour with salt, a level dessertspoonful of margarine, a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, bits of bacon fat, a carrot, a turnip, an onion, 3 cloves, and a clove of garlic; then roast it in a hot oven for about 20 minutes. Put it back into the stock in which it was braised, till it is ready to serve. Only leave the garlic in 10 minutes. A small bird should be used for this recipe.

TURKEY SALAD

Cut into thin strips any meat you may have left over and mix with double its quantity of sliced endive. Pour over the following sauce. Mix 1 dried egg with 1 dessertspoonful of mustard and 1 teaspoonful of flour; then add slowly, mixing all the time, 1 cup of milk. Bring gradually to the boil, and when thick remove and let cool. Add 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar, and a few small pickled onions.

JELLIED GOOSE

Carve the goose into sections, cover with water and leave to simmer, removing the scum as it rises to the surface, until the flesh is quite tender. Strain off, keeping the water, remove all bones, and cut the meat into sizable portions. Next reboil the bones in the same water for at least 1 hour, adding 1 carrot, 1 onion, and a celery heart.

Arrange the pieces of goose in a deep dish, placing on each piece a slice of pickled green tomato and sprinkling over the whole diced cucumber (that preserved in salt is the best, if you can get it). Cover with the stock, passed through a muslin, and leave in a cold place until the liquid has jellied.

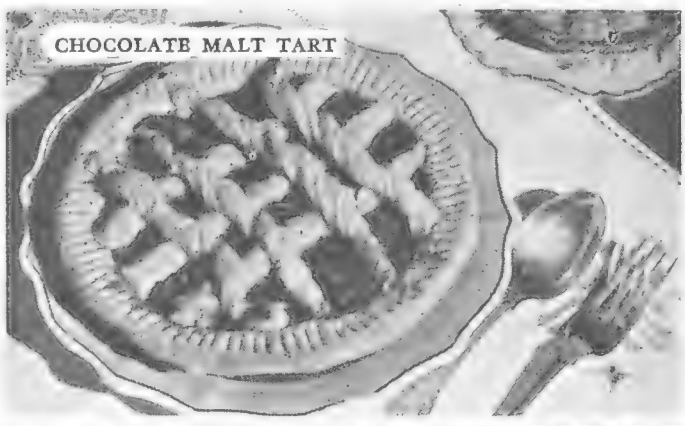
AYLESBURY HOT-POT

Cut up a duck into 8 pieces and leave them, sprinkled with salt, for ½ hour. Then fry them in 1 tablespoonful of lard until brown; add 1 cupful of vegetable stock, cover with a saucepan lid and leave to simmer for 1 hour. Add water if necessary.

Meanwhile, peel and cut into thin slices 4 large carrots, 4 fat leeks, and 1 parsnip. Fry for 10 minutes in 2 oz. of margarine, add 1 dessertspoonful of flour, mix, and pour over 1 cupful of stock (vegetable or meat cubes as preferred). When boiling throw over the duck and just before serving mix in 1 tablespoonful of vinegar.

GOOSE TART

Line a medium-sized cake tin with pastry, sticking a narrow strip round the edge to hold it together, cover the bottom



Home Made Sweets

CHOCOLATE MALT TART

Cream 4 oz. of margarine with 2 oz. of sugar and 1 tablespoonful of milk; add 4 oz. of sieved flour, and work all the ingredients well together. Take two-thirds of the pastry mixture and roll it out, not too thinly, on a floured board. Lay it over the bottom and sides of a tart tin, and spread 2 dessertspoonfuls of chocolate spread on the pastry. Roll out the remaining paste, cut it into inch-thick strips, and arrange them criss-cross on the chocolate malt. Bake for 20 minutes in a medium oven, remove, and serve cold.

CURRANT BISCUITS

Cream 3 oz. of margarine with 2 oz. of sugar, 1 dried egg, 3 oz. of sieved flour, and a few drops of the flavouring you prefer (rum is by far the best). Mix in 3 oz. of currants. Drop heaped teaspoonfuls of the mixture on to a baking tin—about one inch distance one from the other—and bake for 20 minutes in a low oven. Should make about two dozen biscuits.

OATMEAL BISCUITS

Cream 1 oz. of margarine and 1 oz. of lard with 1 oz. of sugar; add 1 dried egg, 2 oz. of sieved wholemeal flour previously mixed with 2 oz. of coarse oatmeal and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Knead well, roll out on a floured board as thinly as possible and cut into rounds with the rim of a wineglass dipped in flour. Bake for

Christmas Table

with a piece of grease-proof paper weighted with rice to prevent the pastry rising, and leave in a medium oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Meanwhile, cut into squares enough goose left-overs to fill the tart and reheat it in a white sauce made with 2 oz. of margarine, 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour, and 2 cupfuls of milk. Salt to taste. When the pastry is ready remove from the oven, and with a sharp knife cut off the edge and lift carefully out from the baking tin—you will find this easier if it has been previously greased. Fill the tart with the creamed goose and small pieces of fried bacon, and serve immediately.

CHICKEN: PEASANT STYLE

Cut up a chicken into as many portions as you wish and brown them, using, for preference, the bird's own fat; fry one chopped onion at the same time. Have ready washed 1 large cauliflower, cut into thick slices, and 8 leeks. Arrange in a saucepan 1 layer of cauliflower, 1 of chicken sprinkled with chopped herbs, 1 of leeks, another of chicken, and finally 1 of cauliflower.

Pour the fat from the frying pan over the whole and add just enough salted water to cover. Put the lid on and allow to simmer gently for 1½ hours. Finally, strain, keeping the liquid, and turn the chicken into the centre of a large dish. Surround it with boiled rice and serve with a sauce made of 2 cupfuls of the stock thickened with 2 oz. of margarine and 1 tablespoonful of flour. Bring to the boil before dishing-up.

SUPREME OF PORK

Sprinkle pork cutlets with salt and leave while making the following sauce : Fry 1 chopped onion in 1 dessertspoonful of lard; when soft add 1 dessertspoonful of flour and 2 cupfuls of thin white sauce, stirring continuously. Next, grill the cutlets thoroughly on both sides and lay them in a dish; add 1 dessertspoonful of grated horseradish to the sauce, pour over the pork and serve very hot with an extra light potato mash.

PORK STEW

Fry in 1 oz. of lard any pieces of leg of pork you have left over; then add to the fat 2 grated raw onions and 1 tablespoonful of flour. Stir until the fat has absorbed the flour and pour over two cupfuls of vegetable stock in which have been dissolved 2 meat cubes. Leave simmering for 15 minutes.

Serve with this dish diced, fried parsnips—not forgetting to remove the hard centres—lightly sprinkled with mixed herbs and a few sultanas.

By Harriet Muir

And Biscuits

20 minutes in a medium oven. Should make about three dozen biscuits.

CHOCOLATE CANDY

Bring to the boil 4 dessertspoonfuls of sweetened condensed milk mixed with 4 of golden syrup and 1½ teacupfuls of chocolate powder. Stir all the time, testing every now and then in cold water, and when set, pour out on to a greased board or dish.

Note. The test in cold water is the same as that used for any pre-war toffee.

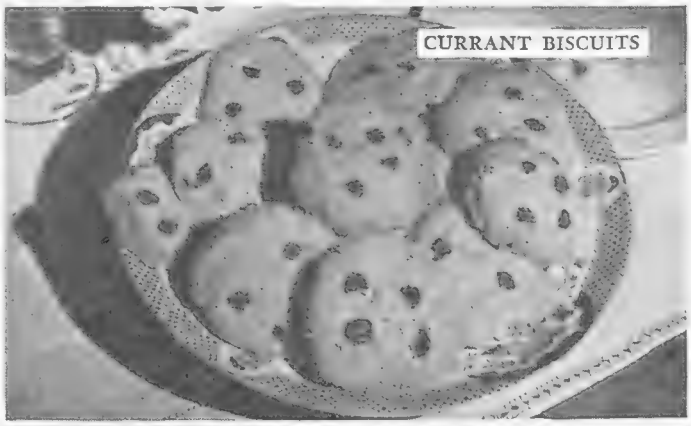
ALMOND FLOWERS

Over a low fire, mix 5 dessertspoonfuls of melted margarine with 5 of flour, 5 of toasted oats, and 5 of sugar. Add 2 teaspoonfuls of almond essence and mix well. When quite cold cut into fancy shapes.

ALL-FLAVOUR TRUFFLES

Have ready 3 dessertspoonfuls of melted margarine; bring to the boil, and stir in 3 dessertspoonfuls of custard powder, 3 of chocolate powder, 1½ of coffee essence, 3 of breadcrumbs, 3 drops of orange essence, and 3 dessertspoonfuls of sugar. Let cool, and add 1 dessertspoonful of sweetened condensed milk. Form into balls, and roll in cocoa.

Note. Quantities for first three recipes make 1 lb., for truffles, ½ lb.


CURRANT BISCUITS

ALL-FLAVOUR TRUFFLES

Presents With A Future

THESE are hard times for present-giving and gifts for children are a severe tax on the imagination. At the same time, good may come of it if the extra thought that giving demands just now should make an end of those haphazard gifts with which we were all afflicted once and from which children most particularly suffered.

If we look back upon the times when, at Christmas, children were snowed under with a variety of toys and games, one has to admit that many of them had little value and as often little interest for the recipient, once the thrill of newness had worn off. The fact that so many children have devoted themselves to some worn and shabby toy, in the midst of expensive competitors, is proof enough of this.

If we ask ourselves what it is that a child wants most, the answer is, roughly, the same in every case. He—or she—wants a present that will amuse and instruct by occupying its intelligence.

Something to make; to put together and to take apart again hardly ever fails in interest. This is why you may often see a two-year-old devoting its attention exclusively to a small wooden box with a lid which can be taken on and off *ad infinitum*, to the exclusion of expensive woolly toys which make no appeal to its intelligence.

For a very young child it is a safe rule to give something fairly large and highly coloured. The appeal of such a toy is explained by the fact that small objects are hard to handle. Larger ones, so long as they are not unwieldy, appeal to the sense of touch, as sharp colours command the sense of sight.

We have to remember that in the dawning senses of the very young there are no half tones. A large, highly coloured block of wood is fascinating to the baby because it stimulates his sense of touch and his sense of colour, whereas a pale woolly lamb, pretty and cuddlesome as it may seem, has no effect upon his understanding.

A little later he will be fascinated by two blocks, one of which can be fitted inside the other. All his dawning faculties are happily occupied for the time being in distinguishing the larger from the smaller and, presently, in the exciting game, dependent upon his muscular and sensory control, of fitting them together.

The same rules apply to both girls and boys at this early stage. It is much later that one has to distinguish between the masculine and more mechanical tastes of the boy and the feminine tastes of the girl.

So many toys fail dismally as presents because the child needs the assistance of an adult in using them. One of the most valuable accomplishments for any child to have is that of being able to amuse himself alone. The value of this gift continues through life, and the basis of it is usually laid in early days by means of toys and occupations which form the habit of intellectual self-reliance.

Children need, and must have, a certain amount of adult co-operation in their playtime, but they should not be dependent upon it.

Books are a favourite resource of the baffled present-giver, and nothing could be more pleasing or instructive to either girls or boys if some thought has been expended on the choice.

If you are giving a book to a very small child you do him little service if he cannot get pleasure from it himself without a grown-up to read it aloud.

To amuse himself alone with a book, the very small child needs something with bright pictures of familiar objects.

Nearly all children love animal stories. There is some curious affinity between animals and the very young and animals that walk and talk and behave exactly as children do themselves make an unfailing appeal to the affections and to their sense of fun.

Giving presents to children isn't difficult. A little understanding makes the smallest gift a present with a future.

★ ★

To-day It Is Sabotage . . .

That last-minute rush used to be part of the Christmas fun. To-day it is sabotage.

Preparations for Christmas are hardly as elaborate as they were once, but, for all that, the need to work well ahead and to have everything tied up and rounded off in good time for the festivities is more essential than ever.

The troubles of a wartime Christmas make early plans necessary for your own personal comfort. It is furthermore a duty we all owe to harassed officials everywhere. So get things done in good time and leave a margin.

Do your Christmas shopping early, particularly for food. Shopkeepers will appreciate this and give you consideration in return. Post early if you must post at all, but do remember that the postal organisation is strained almost to breaking-point with the essential business of the country. Greetings are all right, but if they entail the delay of official correspondence —and they do—we should withhold them. These are things that can wait.

Send out your invitations to people in plenty of time for them to make their arrangements accordingly. Travelling facilities, leaves and passes, don't wait upon the civilians' pleasure. We have to await upon them.

Only part perfect—?

In the story of beauty, your hand mirror only reflects the headings, but the foot notes are just as important. Do they underline the effect you seek—perfect poise and carriage? They do when you wear Vani-Tred shoes. The unique in-built features give *Balanced Walking* which adds so much to your graceful appearance. And what buoyant softness in every step you take—light and airy as swansdown!

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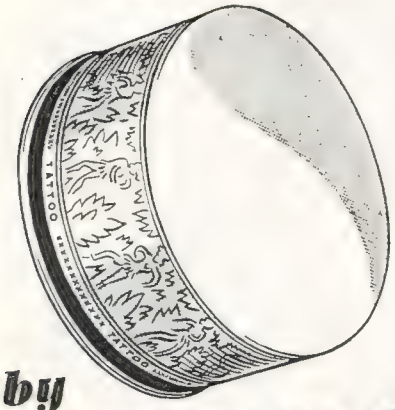

by TATTOO

Tattoo lasts and lasts almost beyond belief. It gives a new, subtle - soft smoothness, a freshness of satin-skinned youthfulness, a transparent depth which hands a bouquet to your complexion. Tattoo clings — like a soft - textured second skin you wouldn't lose if you could — and you can't.

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PARALLELS

GAMBLING has been a popular feature of Christmas revels as far back as Saxon times, when it is recorded that our adventurous ancestors would hazard their worldly wealth and even their liberty on the turn of a dice. Losers patiently permitted themselves to be bound and sold as slaves in the market place which makes merely losing your shirt seem tame. Just the same, gambling has its fascination still, shirts and slave markets apart. If you are entertaining soldiers for Christmas a gambling game is a good ice breaker.

SOCIAL equality is supposed to be a new idea but, in fact, it had a small beginning in the fifteenth century when Sir Philip Sydney caused a stir by introducing the theory into Christmas entertaining. It is said that at this time in his home "all were equal in consideration of the host. There were no odious distinctions of rank or fortune and no huge salt cellars upon the table divided the noble from the ignoble guests." It has taken nearly four centuries for the idea to catch on, and still the salt cellars are inclined to crop up, though happily getting smaller and smaller.

IN the year 1659, Samuel Pepys made this entry in the famous diary: "*This day paid all my debts to a farthing —oh blessed day.*"

Times change, but debts continue. The debts of 1943 have a particular significance which the incorrigible diarist, as a patriot as well as a humorist, could have appreciated to the full. These are the debts of honour which we all owe to the nation at war and to those who are making the supreme sacrifice for the good of all. Happy indeed is the citizen who can say this Christmas: "*Paid all my debts to a farthing—oh blessed day.*"

ROAST SWAN was a dish much favoured at Christmas in the distant past. An old recipe says: Truss and wrap the bird in well buttered paper. Encase in pastry and wrap again in buttered paper. Roast four hours and remove the coating. Send to table with a boatful of port wine sauce.

If your fancy turns to a roast cygnet for Christmas dinner you are unlucky because anyway swans are Royal birds to-day and not for common consumption, but you can substitute a squirrel with the fullest approval of the Minister of Food.

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T.W.

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COUNTESS

There is a

Dolcis

Shoe Store in every large Town

They Also Serve (*Continued from page 12*)

"Well," 'e makes the mistake of letting a bit of sarcasm show in 'is voice and Old Sobersides turns on 'im: Yes, 'e says, you can practise keeping goal while we score. If you ask me that was uncalled for but 'e's wild because 'is barge is out of commission.

"Then we hear the boats going out.

"Well, I says to meself, I wonder who's going to get it this time. There's always one or more of 'em gets a nick or somethink worse and I ain't ashamed to admit that every time I 'ears them boats go out me heart goes up in me throat and won't come down until I 'ears them coming back.

"Well, I'm wiping a tear from me eye when who should walk in but Eagle-eye swearing fit to bust.

"I want a drink, 'e says.

"You can't 'ave one, I says. We're shut; it's after hours.

"Gertie, 'e says, I'm going to 'ave a drink if I 'ave to break the place down.

"You ain't, I says, and you know it, but if you'll 'old yourself in patience for a minute you can 'ave a cup of tea with me in the back and tell me all about it. Well, who should come in but Popsy. She always comes in when the boats are out.

"Eagle-eye, she cries, and holds her arms out for a clinch and, would you believe it, 'e just stares at her. Now I know what with Old Sobersides and everythink else, the two ain't seen one another for a week and there 'e is staring at 'er without making a move.

"Well, I says to 'im, you've got a nerve you 'ave. Then 'e tells us everything; 'ow Old Sobersides 'as got it in for 'im and 'ow he's going to apply for a transfer back to them corvettes. Goalie, 'e says. That damned old fool doesn't know the first thing about ice-hockey.

"Well, I does what I can with a cup of tea in my little parlour, but Eagle-eye is like a bear in a cage, can't sit still, especially when he thinks how the boys will pull 'is leg when they get back.

"We're sitting there, unharmonious-like, when the telephone rings. We 'ave to have a telephone 'ere in case of sudden calls to get the boys in a hurry. The call is for Popsy from the girl on duty. Popsy comes back all excited. It's a tip-off that a message 'as just come through that a force of German E-boats is moving at high speed in our general direction. Our boys being out, it's passed to the military for action in case it's a raid, but the girls like to tip one another off so they won't miss the fun.

"Well, when Popsy says this, Eagle-eye stops and stands still. Goalie! he says, quietlike.

"Popsy looks at 'im: What are you going to do? she says.

"I'll show 'im, the old buzzard! Then 'e says to 'er: Don't you see? They're pulling a fast one on the old devil. They've tricked us out across the channel and they're slipping in. This place has been a thorn in their side long enough and if they can get ashore long enough to blow up the sea wall across the mouth of the harbour this place will be out of action for months as far as M.T.B.s are concerned.

"But, she says, what can you do?

"The barge, 'e says.

"It's out of action.

"Then 'e winked and says: Only because I was down there when orders come through and I didn't want Old Sobersides messing up the show.

"Sabotage! I says. Then he says: No, Gertie, old dear, just a slight mechanical detail and a desire to let the old boy have a night's sleep.

"Well, says I, it served you right, the laugh's on you.

"Is it? says 'e. Then 'e was gone, with 'er tracing down the 'ill after 'im.

"He's a reckless kind of boy and in a matter of minutes I hear that boat humming down in the harbour and in comes Popsy and, would you believe it, she's almost weeping.

"It's suicide, she says, suicide!

"You told 'im that?

"Yes, she says.

"And what did he say?

"He told me to go to hell.

"Well, I says, that's no way to speak to a lady.

"She looks at me, her eyes wet with tears she's biting back, and she says: I'm proud of 'im!"

Gertie paused in her story and surveyed the growing row of glasses she was polishing.

"Well," Gertie resumed. "He picked up an anti-aircraft corporal necking down by the harbour and put 'im on the gun, then 'e takes the boat out himself, and then it appears 'e sits in the shadow of a cliff way out in the bay until 'e 'ears them E-boats coming. They're coming at such a 'ell of a lick they can't 'ear themselves speak. Much less can they 'ear him when 'e comes out of the shadow line astern behind 'em.

"The moon coming from the shore, they've chosen their night so it's hard to see 'em from the shore but from where 'e is they're silhouetted as you might say in the sights of 'is guns.

"Get the men, 'e says to the corporal, who hadn't no business being in the Navy anyway. Never mind the boats.

"So 'e sweeps 'is boat close astern the last Jerry and just as the Jerry becomes aware somethink is wrong, the corporal pops a burst into 'im and before you know it the Jerry boat 'as swung wide out of line and out of control for the time being. The others being intent on getting inshore, they don't see what 'as 'appened before Eagle-eye's on the next one and the same thing happens.

"Well, so far so good, but it happens 'is guess is right about the explosives and the third boat is the one what's carryin' them and when 'e lets that boat 'ave it there's the most awful explosion that shakes us even 'ere and lights up the whole bay.

"Oh my gawd, I says, and Popsy she flings 'erself in my arms and she's sobbing against my shoulder, thinking that's the end of Eagle-eye. But you can't get rid of men like 'im so easy and I says: There, there, don't take it hard. If that explosion got 'im it didn't 'urt, and if it didn't you ain't got nothing to worry about."

Here Gertie paused again in that aggravating manner she had. She turned to stack the glasses on a shelf behind her bar and I waited impatiently.

"What did happen?" I asked.

"What happened?" asked Gertie. "You might well ask what happened. They was so close to that E-boat when it went up, that the explosion nearly blew them out of the water. It didn't 'alf make a mess of the admiral's barge, which was only a fancy name for one of the usual M.T.B.s. There was bits of E-boat stuck all over it and so many 'oles it was like a sieve.

"What happened to the other E-boats no one knows, whether any of 'em sunk or whether they just licked it 'ell for leather 'ome again.

"Anyway the lifeboat puts out from the 'arbour and finds the barge wallowing among bits of E-boat and there's the corporal in 'is blister with bits of E-boat all over him and knocked out cold by the blast and, in the bottom of the boat, half drowned and bleedin' from a dozen pieces of E-boat is Eagle-eye there, grinning all over his face. Never mind me, 'e says. See if there's an E-boat lying around 'ere to take in as evidence, otherwise Old Sobersides will be peeved about 'is lousy barge."

"Well," she said. "They brought 'im in, sent the corporal to 'ospital and patched Eagle-eye up. But 'e wouldn't move from the 'arbour until the flotilla returned. Popsy she was as proud as a peacock, or peahen, whichever you like, and, while they was waiting, he popped the question. So she says: Yes, yes, yes! And they can't kiss one another because he has a lip as thick as a pie-plate from a bit of E-boat.

"Well, then there's a hum in the distance and it grows to a (*Continued on page 54*)

EGGS

5 DAYS A WEEK

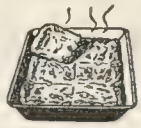
—more than in peacetime!

It's a fact that you can have egg dishes oftener than before the war — thanks to dried eggs!

Dried eggs are the finest new-laid shell eggs, dried and packeted when they're absolutely fresh. All the "meat" of the egg — the white and yolk — is there; none of the egg's goodness is lost. Give your family egg dishes often! Here's what you can make from one packet of 12 — the weekly allowance for a family of four.

2½-MINUTE OMELETTE
Allow 5 to 7 eggs for four people. Serve the omelette plain or with chopped parsley or grated cheese.

CHOCOLATE CAKE. Make this children's favourite extra nourishing by using 1 or 2 eggs. N.B. It's easier to mix the eggs dry with the dry ingredients, then add water afterwards.



YORKSHIRE PUDDING
Make the Sunday joint go further by serving "Yorkshire" with it, using one egg.

VEGETABLE OMELETTE. ½ lb. grated raw vegetables and 2 eggs form the basis of this delicious omelette, enough for four people.

"PRE-WAR" STEAMED PUDDING
A simple sponge recipe with 1 or 2 eggs makes a grand, nourishing "afters" that the family will love.

You are allowed one packet of dried eggs per ration book every 4 weeks

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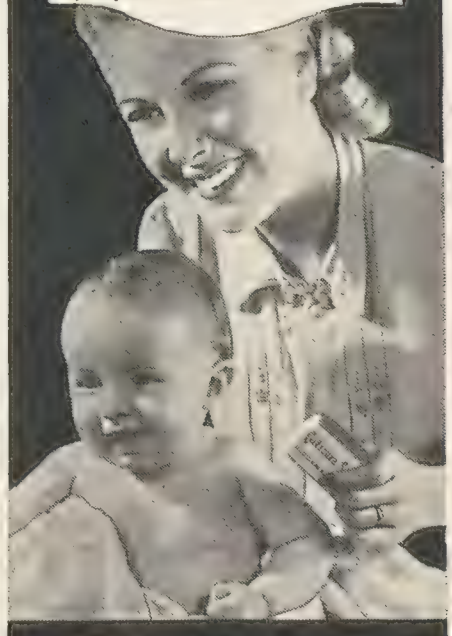

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FOOD NEWS

From

CHIVERS

You'll be glad to hear that our troops at home and overseas are receiving good supplies of Chivers Products and from letters we receive, these products, straight from the English countryside, are equally welcome in Iceland or in the Far East.

Olde English Marmalade

Yes! Oranges are difficult—and chunky Orange Peel was one of the most popular features of Chivers Olde English. We still make other Marmalades, of course, but not Olde English. So that's another pleasure that has to be postponed for a time.

Chivers Jellies

Pleasure on the home front is less important than the welfare of our troops—so just now we must go without Chivers Jellies so that we can make other foods which are more needed by fighting men.

Chivers Jams

It's still wise to ask for Chivers, and in many districts they are still obtainable—but even Jam has to conform to wartime standards—so that makes another very good reason why we should do our utmost to win this war quickly.

CHIVERS

The Orchard Factory

HISTON · CAMBRIDGE

J.385

roar and the other boats swing in as they always do with a bit of fancy manœuvring.

"There ain't a scratch on them and they ain't fired a shot. They'd been fooled proper and Old Sobersides 'e ain't 'alf mad.

"And then 'e sees 'is barge, and then 'e sees Eagle-eye hanging on the arm of Popsy, and then 'e sees all the bandages.

"What the devil, he splutters.

"Eagle-eye pushes Popsy off his only good arm and salutes smartly; Goalie reporting enemy attack but no score, sir.

"You impudent young scamp, splutters Old Sobersides. Then he goes to pick up Eagle-eye because 'e's gone and fainted away in Popsy's arms."

"And then what happened?" I asked.

"Well," said Gertie. "The admiral gets the first part from Popsy and the last part from the corporal in hospital. When 'e goes to see Eagle-eye in hospital there is Popsy sitting with 'im holding 'is hand.

"He looks down at Eagle-eye and 'e says: You've ruined my barge.

"Yes, sir, says Eagle-eye. Sorry, sir.

"Old Sobersides looks at the engagement ring on Popsy's finger. And you've ruined yourself as far as I'm concerned, he says. I've got no use for engaged couples.

Then Popsy stands up for herself. The old boy knows that she's the best secretary he ever had and that he can't bear the thought of breaking in a new one.

"I hope you don't mind, sir, she says, if I apply for my discharge when Eagle-eye 'ere is transferred.

"The admiral looks at her and looks at Eagle-eye, and Eagle-eye wipes the silly grin from 'is face in double time.

"Damn it, says the admiral, damn it. I won't have any married officers around 'ere.

"But 'e knows 'e's licked. You can't pick up men like Eagle-eye or secretaries like Popsy every day of the week.

"With that 'e turns on 'is heel and he goes out."

Gertie stopped polishing the bar and shook her polishing rag to a new surface. "And that's that."

They Also Serve

"Wait a minute," I said. "That happened how long ago?"

"Oh, about two months. They were married last week."

"But——"

"I know," said Gertie. "You're wondering why Eagle-eye didn't go with his flotilla to invade Italy. If you asked my opinion it's Old Sobersides' idea of getting his own back. If you ask me, 'e's pulling that goalie joke on them again, saying as a goalie's job is defence, and that 'e's better at 'ome here keeping the Jerry from scoring."

Gertie came round from behind her bar to the window.

The door opened and in came Popsy.

"Well," said Gertie, "where are they all?"

Popsy laughed. "They were just coming out of the village hall when Old Sobersides spotted my husband. He had the bosun pipe 'em all back. I sneaked by the door and listened."

"Well?" asked Gertie.

"While we are here," she said, imitating the admiral, "I wish to introduce you to Lieutenant McBride, a well-known Canadian ice-hockey player. In spite of Lieutenant McBride's special request to go with his flotilla on special service, I have insisted that I be allowed to retain his services, particularly to demonstrate to you younger officers that in motor torpedo boat action, as in ice hockey, there is no such thing as defence. Attack, attack, attack; bold decision and swift action, perfect co-ordination, etc., etc."

Popsy's voice broke slightly. Gertie gave a quick glance at a girl who didn't know whether to cry or laugh because she was keeping her man when she knew he wanted to be away with his flotilla.

Then Gertie turned to me. "Do you 'ave to stay in 'ere when there's a nice bench out there in the sun?"

I took the hint, and anyway, I wanted to jot down a few notes.

END

Old Tales Retold (*Continued from page 24*)

and the heavily laden ships moved away from the mole into the open sea, bound for Palermo. Just as the *Vanguard* cleared the island of Capri the vessel was struck by a violent gust of wind from the west-south-west. The topsails and foretopmast staysails were torn to ribbons, and the ship reeled and staggered under the blows of the furious sea.

In the state cabin all was confusion and terror. The Queen and Lady Hamilton had unpacked all their belongings as though they were at home in their own apartments, and now all these things were being flung about to add to the general chaos.

Many of the courtiers were helpless with seasickness, some of them lying on deck, unable to do anything for themselves or any one else.

One of the few of the party who proved to be a good sailor was Emma Hamilton. She struggled to and fro with dauntless energy, putting the children to bed, running from one moaning passenger to the next, attending to the urgent needs of Queen Caroline who lay groaning on her bed face downwards.

Nelson paid a few visits during that interminable night to the distressed party in the state cabin, his interest being rewarded by angelic smiles from his Emma, who, despite her dishevelment, seemed more beautiful than ever. She reciprocated his visits by struggling up with him to the bridge, only to return after a few minutes drenched to the skin. She hurriedly donned some dry clothing and resumed her task of nursing the others.

When daylight came it was seen that two-thirds of the vessels had disappeared. Had they gone astray, or were they sunk? No one knew. The corvette *Sannite* attracted attention, for she was sailing only a few yards away on a parallel course with the *Vanguard*. But whereas one of the latter's masts was lying across her decks and the few other vessels in sight were all in a state of obvious distress, the *Sannite* appeared to be in perfect order. The storm lasted all day and all night of the 24th. On the morning of the 25th Lady Hamilton observed that the Queen's youngest child, seven-year-old Prince Albert, who had been extremely ill all the time, showed symptoms that were ominously worse. There was a doctor on board, who tried several remedies but all in vain. The child seemed to be sinking into a torpor. All that day Emma Hamilton held him in her arms to keep him warm.

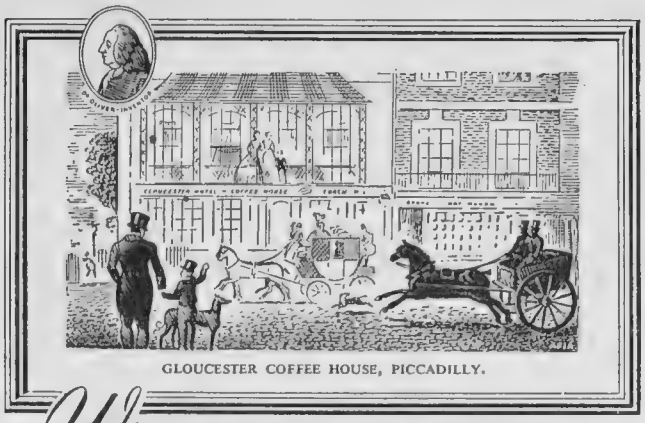
At midnight Emma Hamilton lifted a frightened face to call the attention of the doctor. A moment's silence—and then she broke into sobs, for the little prince had breathed his last in her arms. Just then the church bells all over the Christian world were joyfully celebrating the birth of the Christ Child. Everywhere they rang out their welcome, and the humblest house was filled with joy—while this royal family was sunk in an abyss of misery.

The death of the child caused a horrible outburst of rage from the King. He cursed his wife and her mad ambition, laying on her the blame for everything. She had forced on him that blundering fool, General Mack, she had organised the undignified flight and insisted on starting in spite of the hellish weather.

Had it not been for her, the child would be alive and he, Ferdinand, sleeping peacefully in his feather bed at the palace.

After what seemed an eternity, at five o'clock of the following morning, the battered *Vanguard* entered Palermo harbour. It was Boxing Day. Thousands of windows were still lit up. The merrymaking had lasted all night, as was customary in Southern Italy. Fireworks and coloured flares illuminated streets that were still thronged with noisy youths and the more sober element engaged in church-going. It was through this festive scene that the royal carriages conveyed the silent and sorrowing party with their dead child to the palace.

END



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In 1735, Dr. Oliver started a fashionable vogue for the famous biscuits which still bear his name. A century later, in the resorts of the gentry, *Bath Oliver Biscuits* shared in current gossip of the period. Today, a wartime economy has affected supplies to the public. Demands from the Services make them less easy to obtain, but they will be readily available again when the world returns to peace.

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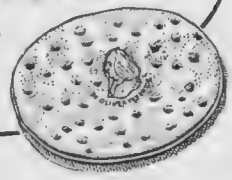

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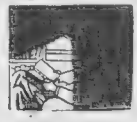

Thousands of Terry Anglepoise lamps were in use in this country and all over the world before the war —in home, office, studio, factory, study, laboratory, boudoir and dressing room. And it will return with victory . . . so keep it in your mind's eye.

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7½d a tablet Including Purchase Tax

The soap that freshens you

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Turn About Woolly

(*Continued from page* 37)

THE RIGHT BACK

Cast on 51 sts. on No. 11 needles and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt. as for front, but keeping left edge straight, and working shapings at right edge of work only.

THE LEFT BACK

Work as for right back, but working shapings at opposite end of needle.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 51 sts. on No. 11 needles, and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until there are 85 sts. on the needle. Work straight, until seam measures 19 ins.

TO SHAPE TOP OF SLEEVE

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, * then k. 2 tog. at beg. of next 2 rows, then work 18 rows straight *; rep. between ** once. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. of every row until 3 sts. remain. Cast off.

RIGHT BACK BORDER

With right side of work facing, and No. 11 needles, pick up and k. 151 sts. along straight edge of back. Work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

5th row.—Rib 4, * cast off 3, rib 11 *; rep. between ** to end, finishing rib 4.

6th row.—Rib 4, **cast on 3, rib 11 *; rep. between ** to end, finishing rib 4.

Continue in rib, until border measures 1 in. Cast off in rib.

Knit border on left back to correspond, but omitting buttonholes. Make buttons by casting on 9 sts. on No. 11 needles and knitting until square. Cast off, roll up and sew securely.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up shoulder seams, leaving 6 ins. open in centre for neck. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press well under a damp cloth. Sew sleeves into armholes, easing fullness over shoulders. Sew on the buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Chunky Jersey

(*Continued from page* 37)

(do not let these extra sts. interfere with patt. but keep them in st.st. [p. side to right side]). When there are 112 sts. work straight until side seams are 14 ins. from casting on. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row for 8 rows leaving 88 sts. (there will be 14 sts. in each patt. at beg. and end of row instead of 22, making only 1 cable). Make pocket slit by casting off 24 sts. (14 sts. away from armhole). Cast them on next row.

Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are 6½ ins. round curve. Now work 38 sts. Cast off 12. Work 38. Continue on these 38 sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 27 sts. Work a row or so if needed to make armholes 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 9 sts. at outside edge on every other row 3 times. Work other side the same. Pick up 30 sts. with No. 11 needles along left back and front shoulders, and work 6 rows all k. Cast off. Sew up other shoulder seam. Pick up 110 sts. round neck with No. 11 needles and work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 10 rows. Cast off.

THE POCKET

Pick up 24 sts. at top of slit and work 3 ins. st.st. Cast off. Pick up 24 sts. at lower edge of slit and work 10 rows k. 2, p. 2 rib.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 66 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins. Change to the back patt. (do not change needles yet). When there are 6 ins. from casting on, change to No. 9 needles and continue for another 3 ins. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 76 sts. (keep these extra sts. in st.st. with p. side to right side). Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 16 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on buttons and make loops to fasten. Sew down pocket.

36-IN. BUST

Use No. 8 needles instead of No. 9, and No. 10 instead of No. 11.

ABBREVIATIONS

K.= knit; p.= purl; m.= make; s.= slip; st.= stitch or stitches; tog.= together; beg.= beginning; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease.

Eight o'Clock in the Morning

(*Continued from page* 19)

have found it inconvenient having the office separated by a yard from the shop; the present manager, Mr. Wilfrid Hansen did not. It suited him. Hansen had only been running the business for three years. Marlingham people knew him as a hardworking, shrewd businessman, completely efficient at his job and calculatingly liberal with money in any local cause. They did not know that he had been dropped by parachute from a Ju 88 over Lincolnshire in October of 1940 and that the Third Reich would sooner have lost a couple of U-boats than their unobtrusive, unsuspected agent in Marlingham.

Mrs. Wilson announced her desire to see the manager, and the manager was waiting for her.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"All right. Well, I think. I'm settled in. Part of the wartime countryside and nobody seems to suspect anything."

Hansen laughed. "A foolish people, these English. Foolish and obstinate. Have you managed to make any friends at the aerodrome?"

"I have begun to make friends."

"Good. Any information?"

"There are two squadrons there, one Lancaster, one Halifax."

"Every barmaid in Marlingham knows that. You must do better."

"I may find it difficult."

"Your difficulties do not interest me, Eva. Results do. I want results. I want to know when the squadrons are flying on operations and where they are flying to."

"Young Fossdyke's never in the mess lately," the group captain (who had a wise and kindly eye for the foibles of all his boys) remarked.

"I expect he gets down to the 'Black Dog' with the chaps, sir," the wing commander said.

But young Fossdyke was not in the "Black Dog," he never went there nowadays. He had found somewhere infinitely more stimulating. Whenever he could spare even an hour from the station, he slipped down to the cottage in the wood, the cottage of the red gate and the green open-necked shirt. Comfort was there, homeliness, quiet and peace of mind. Or what would have been peace of mind if he had not been young and in love.

A good-looking boy of twenty has had more than one affair and not infrequently is foolish enough to imagine that he knows all there is to be known on the subject. Chiltern Fossdyke had indulged in that good fancy until he met Mrs. Wilson and then every single preconceived thought or belief that he had on any and every subject was blown sky high and disintegrated, just as surely as though someone had planted a "cookie" bang in the middle of it.

He reached there (*Continued on page* 58)

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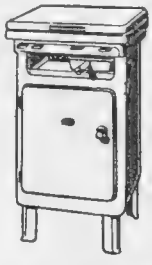

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one night, just as the nine o'clock news was beginning.

"... last night aircraft of Bomber Command carried out a heavy and concentrated attack on targets in Western Germany. Sixteen of our machines are——"

He switched off before the sentence could be finished.

She looked surprised.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Sick of hearing about war, I suppose."

"Poor boy. Sit down."

He sat on the hassock by her feet, which was his usual place and she watched him. He said abruptly :—

"It wasn't only that. I was in that show last night."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know. You didn't tell me."

"We're supposed not to say anything to anybody. Not that it would matter with you, of course."

"Sweet. Was it very awful?"

"I don't know. I didn't go."

"I thought——"

"I turned back when we were over the French coast. Engine trouble."

She smiled.

"Does one say one is sorry or glad?"

"It doesn't matter what you say. I funked it."

"You couldn't help your engine trouble."

"I could have ignored it. A month ago I should have done so myself."

"We have known one another a month."

"Eileen, last night I couldn't face it. I just couldn't face it."

"Darling, in God's name, why should you?"

"Sixteen were lost."

"You couldn't have saved them."

"I—it was because of Saturday." "I'm due for starting leave then."

"Leave? Are you going home?"

"Yes—I suppose so. Yes."

"Won't it be lovely to sleep off the station for a whole fourteen days?"

"Heavenly—I——"

"What?"

He shook his head, but his eyes never left hers.

"I shall be lonely without you, Chiltern."

"Do you mean that?"

"You must know I do, by now. But you might have told me about going on leave before now."

"I wanted to tell you the last time I was here."

"Was there anything that made it difficult?"

"Yes. I don't particularly want to go home for those fourteen days."

"—or nights?"

"All right, damn you, or nights."

"You needn't, darling, you know that."

"YOU have not brought me any very valuable information lately, Eva," Hansen said.

She was sitting in a chair in the private cubicle attached to his office and he was setting her hair

"I thought I had."

"All that you have told me in the past three weeks I could have got out of a penny newspaper."

"It has been difficult."

"That's why you are there."

Playfully his fingers tightened twistingly in her hair until she was forced to call out for the pain. The sound amused him, but his voice was not amused, it was deadly serious.

"Eva, we have got to get the information. The last attack on Essen was dreadful, it caught the defences napping and put half of Essen out. Another one like that is more than even Germany can stand. These damned English keep hitting the same spot. But we have got something to meet them with now—if only we know in time. Before there is another thousand-bomber raid on the Ruhr I must know, and I must know where it is going to be."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Eight o'Clock in the Morning

When he had finished, he said :—

"I hope I am making you beautiful for a young lover from the aerodrome."

"It might be."

SHE was not surprised when Chiltern came in that evening. Somehow she expected him. He looked tired and was nervy, jumping up from his usual chair to do meaningless things about the room.

She watched him unhappily. What she had always promised herself would never happen had overtaken her, and all for a boy of twenty. Two loyalties were fighting in her, making her sick with doubt and indecision.

"A drink?" she asked.

"Sorry. I mustn't drink to-night."

"Oh! Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

He crossed to the cabinet and began to mix her customary drink. She watched him, between exasperation and affection.

"You know all there is to know about the house now, don't you?"

"Do I?"

He held out the small glass, and added :—

"Except what goes on inside your head."

"You have a shrewd idea of that, haven't you?"

"I don't know what goes on in my own."

He flung himself down beside her with a characteristically impetuous movement that she loved.

"I'm glad I didn't go home for that fortnight—terribly glad."

"Was it so terrible?"

"All loveliness is terrible in a way, in its capability to hurt. Things that can't hurt you can't be lovely."

"You're nervy to-night, Chiltern, on edge."

"I'm a coward. I used not to be afraid and now I am. I'm dead cold scared. Let me have a drink."

"Not if you're going out to-night."

"Who says I'm going out?"

"Are you going?"

"I've been writing poetry lately."

"Let me see."

"I suppose it's because I've acquired a mistress. It was almost the Elizabethan recipe for becoming a minor poet."

"Maybe you'll be a major one."

"I'll never be a major anything. I'm not big enough. I believe you are built on bigger lines than I am."

"Women can always stand more than men."

"Then why the hell don't women sign up as pilots and go on ops. instead of us? I could do a lot of waiting at home and weeping if somebody else flew over the Ruhr."

"Are you going over the Ruhr to-night?"

"Sorry, Eileen, I'm being stupid."

"Darling, darling, what does it matter. You're nervy——"

"I'm scared."

"All right, scared."

"But I love you."

"Sit closer, then."

"You've done something to me, Eileen. You've opened the magic casements. You've made me want to live more than I ever did before. Before, I didn't *consciously* want to live, I didn't think about it. Now, I do."

She noticed his uneasy glance at his wrist watch.

"Have you got to go back?"

"Not yet. Oh *lente, lente currite noctis equi* —I should have thought of that the first night we spent toge er. My God, I feel sick."

"Have a drink, Chiltern, it will do you good."

"I'm going to. Here, you can see my poem if you like——"

He handed, almost thrust, the manuscript at her and moved across the room to the whisky decanter.

She read the first two lines and felt a cold constriction of her heart.

"Essen to-night. I could have wished it other.

Essen's no place for an impassioned lover,
Unless his love be death——"

She looked up at him.

"You are going to-night, then?"

He nodded.

"To Essen?"

Again he nodded. (*Continued on page* 60)

It's wise to COUPONDER!

Here today and gone tomorrow
That's what leads to Coupon sorrow
Then you'll find that you are lacking
Everything but Flour-sacking
So give earnest cogitation
To your Coupon allocation.

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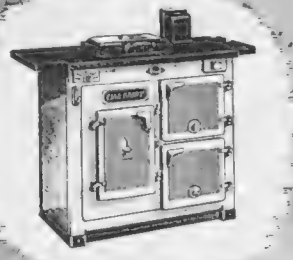

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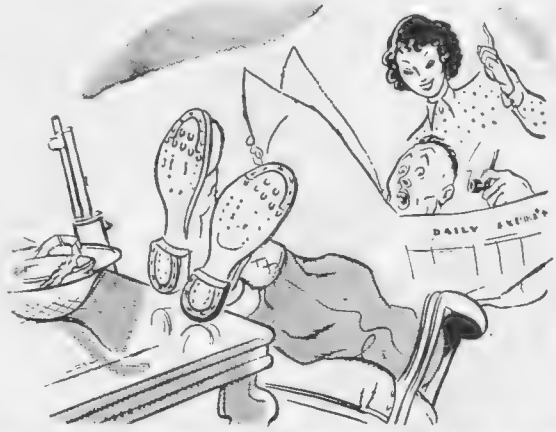

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BATTLEDRESS SIZE

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"With 723 other poor ruddy pilots. Now you know as much about it as anybody."

She let an incautious eye dart to the wall clock and immediately regretted it. He had noticed it and she was aware by the subtleties of atmospherics that it surprised him.

She was weighing up in her mind how she could contrive to get to the green telephone without his being aware of it; and beneath that surface problem, a deeper one was raging, for she did not even know whether she wanted to be able to get to the telephone or not.

Chiltern was looking at her enviously.

"Do you mind whether I go to Essen or not?" he asked.

She put her hands on his shoulders and said:—

"I wish to God we had never met one another."

"Yes, I think I can understand that. But we have and the world can never be the same. Eileen, if we could be just by ourselves—alone——"

"Excuse me, madam."

The garden door had been left open and neither of them had heard the deliberately light footsteps. So complete had been their absorption in each other that it was a shock to both of them to be so rudely reminded that another world existed. A world made up of a civilian in a dark-blue suit, bowler hat in hand and a flight lieutenant in R.A.F. uniform.

Eight o'Clock in the Morning

"I should like to speak to you in private, madam," the civilian said, and the flight lieutenant smiled rather bleakly at Chiltern.

"Could I have a word with you, old man?"

SIX weeks later at another station in another county, a young officer who had lately been posted there for instructor's duties stood solitary in the crowded mess room. His ears were not conscious of the blare of the wireless and his eyes staring across the noise-filled ante-room had tragic ghosts behind them.

". . . and this is Allard Mantle reading it."

The one o'clock news quietened the hubbub.

Chiltern shut his ears to the news. He did not care what the insane world was doing. Yet he had to care, Fate had still one vicious jab in store for him he could not ignore. . . :

". . . this morning at eight o'clock, a woman named Eva Wilson was executed in London for spying activities on behalf of Germany. Other news from the home front includes . . ."

Chiltern's unknown neighbour turned to him and said:—

"Dam' good job. They ought to shoot a few more—I say, you all right, old man?"

"Perfectly all right," Chiltern answered. "Perfectly all right, now and for ever. Amen."

He moved across the room and the other man stared after him in astonishment.

END

The Bells Ring Out Again

(*Continued from page* 15)

because of a charming little peal of six bells which hung there and was used each day by the choristers till a crudely minded Victorian Dean melted the bells to add to the weight of Great Tom of Lincoln which now hangs there.

Leaving this group of soaring steeples at the northern end of the oolite belt and returning to its southern hills, there is, on the western flank of these, the county of Somerset, where the local mason craft developed in the fifteenth century a style of tower design which is one of the chief glories of English crafts.

To the west, in Devonshire, the builders are still fond of the tall tower, but it is bolder and sterner than in Somerset. Devon has its warm corners, but its people look more towards the open sea and the Atlantic swell follows their craft into harbour. The materials are less tractable than the oolitic freestone and some of the towers which so boldly serve remote settlements on Dartmoor, like Widecombe, are built of hard granite.

There is another well-marked group of towers in the East Anglian counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. Here there is no local stone, and the use of flint as a building material has been adopted, used mainly with a worked face to make an even wall. Imported freestone was used as corner stones. The towers are often lofty with simple delicate outlines, as at South Repps in Norfolk, or the grand fifteenth-century church at Lavenham in Suffolk, which stands among the fields just outside what was, when it was built, a busy manufacturing town, for once more we are in a district where weaving made the wealth to build magnificently.

Canterbury and Wells cathedrals with their three towers dominate the whole of their towns. Perhaps the complete medieval ideal was to crown each tower with a spire. This aspect now survives only at Lichfield, but both Lincoln and Durham cathedrals were finished with three spires, and considering both building and its site they are the two grandest of the three towered cathedrals.

Finally, just a remembrance of the group of London city steeples, so remarkable as the work of one man, Christopher Wren, and for their qualities of originality and lyrical design. They are to-day in the front line, and have suffered grievous casualties; Bow Bells have clattered down into the ruins of the church.

END

Grandmamma Lubotcha Rides Out

(*Continued from page* 32)

streaming under his cocked astrakhan cap, spurs clamped on his charger's flanks, a yell bursting from his wizened throat. Grandfather Petrovich leaning forward to pat his horse's neck as he galloped. Surly old Loginov looking, for the first time that Nikolaitch could remember, as if he were happy.

No. He had not been wrong. They were going to die but a very short time before their allotted span, to stride proudly, bearing each at least one of the hated invaders captive, into the halls of Valhalla.

Stentorian, bell-like, youthful, the order pealed out from Grandfather Nikolaitch.

"C-h-a-r-g-e!"

Down in the silver birches a sardonic grin twisted a Nazi gunner's thin lips. "Crazy!" he muttered. "Old men on broken-kneed hacks trying to charge like hellions. To be slaughtered. And that's what we came into Red Russia for."

His thumbs felt for gun triggers.

The Nazi gun fired one short burst and stopped as the bewildered gunners paused, and turned to face a new danger that threatened. From behind the copse more horses raced towards them. In their rear the Cossack yell echoed through the trees.

That new threat stopped the gun long enough to let Nikolaitch and his men ride into the birches. Within sabre reach of the German gunners.

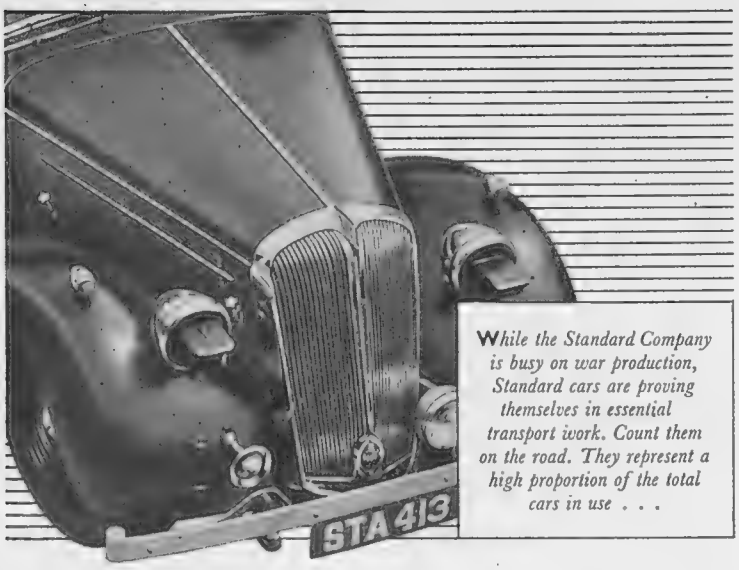
Fourteen slashing, razor-sharp sabres against eight stabbing bayonets. . . .

It took some time to pacify the horses maddened with the scent of fresh-spilled blood. They cavorted, reared, broke branches from the birches. And trampled on the huddled, lifeless grey uniforms.

Of the old Cossacks ten only still sat their saddles.

Ivan Ionov picked himself up, brushed blood from his forehead, and took a gun from a dead German to shoot his mortally wounded horse. Petrovich sat tearing strips from his shirt to bandage a thigh wound. Nikolaitch dismounted, feeling even many years older than when he had climbed (*Continued on page* 62)

STANDARD CARS



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into the saddle. His gaunt form shook as though with ague.

About to investigate this miracle of phantom Cossacks who had ridden out of the blue to draw the Germans' fire while they rode in and sabred them, he saw more Nazis. They were running to an armoured car standing camouflaged in a rutted lane. Hate flamed his blue eyes again. He stooped and swung the German gun round. Several hesitant attempts and his long brown fingers found the necessary adjustments. The gun spoke. The Nazis did not reach their car.

Dying, the picket achieved the purpose for which they were placed out on the flank of the retreating Panzer Division. They had, apparently, uncovered either a well-armed partisan force or a vanguard of pursuing Red soldiers. That was evident from those long bursts of firing heard by the Germans away in the west. They struck farther west. Went away in the distance. Dust from their caterpillars and their tanks and their troop-carriers vanishing.

On his hill-top by Boriskassk, Sergeyev, expecting to have to clamber down hastily to fire the village, came down leisurely as the noise of battle receded. And he grinned at and then ignored the torches.

In the birch grove Petrovich, hopping excitedly on his unwounded leg, yelled something that nobody heard. For they all were standing transfixed, staring at the riders who were coming into the copse. Petrovich, rummaging a dead German for field-dressings to bandage Ivan Ionov, had pulled out a wallet. From it had fallen a wad of photographs. The usual pictures that Nazis seem to be fond of carrying. Rows of corpses dangling from extemporised gallows; some horrible atrocities; and, what had excited Petrovich, a photograph of a long line of Red soldier prisoners. Prominent among them was the tall figure of Piotr, grandson of Nikolay Nikolaitch.

Grandmamma Lubotcha Rides Out

"Nikolay Nikolaitch! Piotr lives. He lives!" Petrovich yelled. "He has not been killed. He is a prisoner."

Grandfather Nikolaitch lay unheeding. His years had succumbed at last. He lay in a tired coma. When nature permitted movement from his regained strength and consciousness came back to him, he looked up into the eyes of Grandmamma Lubotcha, who was on her knees beside him. He whispered tremulously: ". . . And I dreamed a dream. It was that a troop of Cossacks rode down from heaven to our aid. . . ."

Grandmamma's words were sarcastic, but her voice held only sobbing gladness.

"And doubtless you dreamed a dream of a lot of fine young fellows riding out to charge the enemy? On cavorting young horses? Gallant young Cossacks. Doubtless you dreamed that, eh?"

Nikolay Nikolaitch recovered more strength. He smiled grimly and gestured at the dead Germans. "That, at least, old woman, was no dream," he said. "But it is true, as Russia is my soil, that a host of phantom Cossacks rose out of that same soil behind those trees and drew the Nazis' fire long enough for us to ride in and put them to the sword."

"Phantom host! Tch! A few foolish old women who had seen the corn safely away and rode back to follow their men to death rather than lose them together with their homes." Grandmamma Lubotcha shook a wrinkled brown finger at her husband. "Sixty years have I lived with thee, Nikolay Nikolaitch. Do you think I cannot tell when you are up to something?"

Looking sheepishly about for some diversion, Nikolay Nikolaitch saw Petrovich hobbling towards them brandishing a photograph.

END

Yules Not in the Rules

(*Continued from page* 16)

tc begone in defiance of a temperature chart. Indeed, 'twas the State that held my pants, French hospitals being State-owned, so there was no argument. They are also non-paying. My nurse wouldn't take a bean, so I had to send her a Molyneux perfume. It probably cost more. Still, I commend the total absence of charity about French hospitals, and not only French. Avaunt charity, thou covereth too much! I am rarely comfortable in thy vicinity.

The hottest Christmas I ever spent was in a British-India liner between Karachi and Bombay. Though it wasn't so much the heat as the seasonable feeding that won a niche. I still have the dinner menu with its seventeen courses or dishes set forth in Babu-French. And next morning an even more arresting performance was witnessed as officers of the Mercantile Marine, roaring with health, disposed of beefsteaks and tripe and onions for breakfast. In a heat-wave. And a swell. At 8 a.m. After a thick night. Weakly I signalled for a grapefruit.

For seasonable whoopee a second ship used to beat the record. She came to be well known for her Christmas runs—the *Majestic*, That year I'm thinking of she was packed. It was the time Americans swarmed upon cheap and spirituous France, and the quaffing began once Nantucket was passed. Whereafter the majority of the cabin passengers appeared to live mainly by night and this despite the 11 p.m. curfew which is supposed to make a captain dictator of morals.

But there were always the spacious private suites. In the bath-tubs were stacked champagne bottles by the dozen, and hour after hour inhibitions flew out through the portholes.

Some Christmases were, of course, totally unexceptional. Once or twice I crossed to London, to the bosom of the family, only to find it each time more difficult to get into an unselfconscious frame of mind when the paper caps, whistles, toasts and quips came round. Scheduled hilarity can give some a sinking feeling, and is, perhaps, best kept for children only.

END

The Forgotten Christmas

(*Continued from page* 13)

face. He begged me not to mention dolls. "When I think of the lovely dolls we used to get, and the junk we get now!"

Under price control now the manufacturing cost of a toy must not exceed 10s. to the wholesaler, and there is a 33⅓ purchase tax on the wholesale price. The retailer must not sell any toy above 24s. 5d. That closes out many kinds of toy.

You can dig up some stuff in your own home and make toys for your youngsters—many citizens are doing this—but you must not sell them. Originally the toy shortage encouraged alien refugees to start up toy-making businesses. The control has stopped this through its licence system. You cannot easily get a licence to muscle into the toy industry now, when the established makers are busy with war production.

I asked a Food Ministry official what we could expect from his realm. "Well, we mustn't complain, must we?" He continued, with a synthetic jolliness: "There will be turkeys, home-grown and Irish. And poultry and birds (by "birds" he presumably meant those skinny pigeons which are the only birds now adorning, or disfiguring, the poultry shelves in food stores). And rabbits. And a large family with a lot of ration cards can still get quite a large joint of beef, of course."

I quoted this to the general manager of a big London store, and he said that, while he might find his regular customers an onion or two for the stuffing, he could not provide a fraction of them with any bird to stuff.

I have a Christmas dinner menu of thirty-five years ago which runs thus: oysters with Chablis, truffled lobster with Château Yquem, turkey and Roederer, filets of quail and Château Latour 1844, (*Continued on page* 64)

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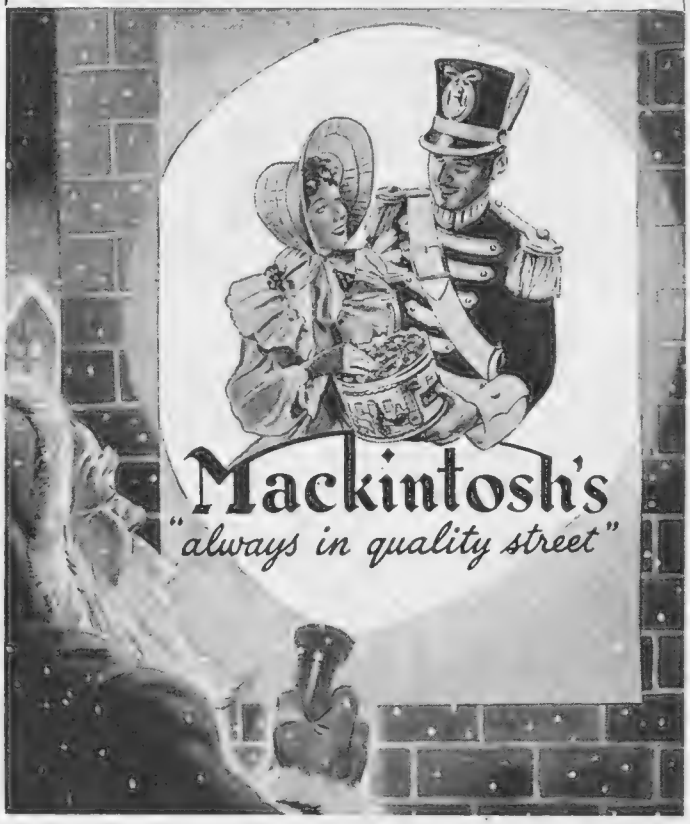

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duck and burgundy, dessert, port, brandy. Just a plate of oysters with Chablis would make a reasonable Christmas dinner now—if one could get the Chablis. Or another Christmas dinner which I once enjoyed (having lunched adequately on roast sucking pig). This was scrambled eggs, haddock, and asparagus tips, with a 1919 Bollinger. The trouble about this is the absence of eggs and haddock, and the almost complete disappearance of Bollinger.

Probably we have been spoiled by abundances. We are too apt to think that Christmas cannot be Christmas without the things we have ourselves associated with the celebration of Christ's mass. Actually, Christmas and its customs are always changing. Our parents have forgotten or have never known those Christmases which *their* parents, grandparents, and great-great-grandparents knew: pre-turkey, pre-Christmas tree, pre-cracker, pre-refrigerator, pre-port-and-champagne Christmases. In the long Christmas record, approximating 1,700 years in Christendom,

The Forgotten Christmas

but only fourteen centuries in England (St. Augustine brought the first Christmas to this island in 592 A.D.) there were Christmas customs, drinks and dishes which have successively vanished, to be forgotten or replaced by new or substitute things, as the world and people changed.

There are millions of children who have never seen a Christmas tree in its full glamour and bloom, nor will see one until the war ends. But there are also millions of children who have never heard the bells pealing on Christmas Day, or the bell serenades of Christmas "waits." That is one piece of Christmas which a more favourable turn of the war has restored to us.

At least, barring some adverse development, we shall hear again this Christmas those "wild and sweet" carols of the Christmas bells repeating the call "Of peace on earth, good will to men."

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page 43*)

WHAT we need is a little dressing up. We need a new angle on our old clothes, and I bet you every one of us can do it without spending a single coupon. Here is an idea to work on. Reserve Sunday afternoon or one evening this next week to yourself. Get all your clothes out and arrange them around the room so that you can really see what you've got. Suits, dresses, coats, jumpers, blouses, odd jackets, slacks and shoes. To make a success of this you must get out the things that you've packed away, such as summer things, evening clothes, dance slippers, waist belts, junk jewellery and all. When you've collected everything together, stand back and take a good look around you. If I'm not very much mistaken you will be astonished to discover how much you really have.

At first sight all the pretty pre-war slippers and dance frocks may seem useless to you, but if you make them play their part in your wardrobe you will go a long way towards saving your most valuable everyday clothes. Bring out your satin and crepe-de-Chine dance slippers, wear them whenever you are in the house and so rest your precious walking shoes. When the day's work is finished make a point of changing rather than sitting around in your austerity or utility clothes all evening. Evening dresses as they were are no use on a cold winter's evening at home. Rip off the bodice, wear the skirt with a smart blouse and spare jacket, or wear the skirt with a bright-coloured jumper, livening up the jumper with any junk jewellery you possess and a gay waist belt. Long skirts keep your bare legs warm and if your slippers are toeless dress up your toe-nails with nail varnish.

END

A Backward Point of View

(*Continued from page 20*)

where the Bible was the one and only book, did indeed breed bigotry and intolerance—much of which is still a hangover in South African politics—but it also bred great men. Smuts, old Louis Botha, General Hertzog—yes, forget their politics—they were great, even out-size men.

That is indisputably the result of vastness, of even "waste spaces," if you want to speak of the veldt like that. And South African character will change, as factories arise, and the veldt retreats—until its spacious, open days are only something to look back to, longingly, in history.

I AM not just a protagonist of mere backwardness. But I do believe in compromise. If we must have "progress," then give it to us in small doses.

In the Caucasus, where I rode horseback for six weeks in the spring of 1929, I experienced, once again, this primitive delight of being among the "backward" people. For, in 1929, Communism itself simply did not exist above an altitude of 5,000 feet. Moscow still had its hands full, trying to Communise the valleys. Above 5,000 feet the Patriarchal rule still prevailed, the Old Man of the Tribe. It was obviously an arbitrary and, presumably, often a very despotic system. Savage. Yet the evidence of one's own eyes showed that these people were happy.

Watching some fifty miles of the snows of the Caucasus silently change from rose to violet in the deep splendours of the sunset, you felt, petulantly, that it would be sheer murder to change such a stupendous type of freedom. To put these primitive mountaineers, living with their flocks of sheep, their herds of cattle, their droves of horses—on a "cash basis." But the great Stalin was doing precisely that. He had begun it when he was Commissar for Nationalities (the Minorities). He was even going to erase completely some of these ancient civilisations, those which Red Moscow had judged to be out of step with Progress.

The thing was going to be done. Unwarned by our sad experience, the Soviet Russians had taken machinery, as such, as literally nothing less than a living god. Even open space, like the vast Yakut Republic, was going to be modernised, developed. And, even though instructors in Communism had been murdered as recently as 1928 in the upper Caucasus, Stalin was sending young Red Army men on leave back there now, as propagandists—to their own tribes. They came up there, they argued. And it was an interesting, and fearful, sight to watch the Old Man of the Tribe's anger when one of these confident young men, emancipated—and with a revolver on his hip—began to tell the tribe how to live.

Right there my meditations about not educating these primitive tribesmen vanished. I could see that, even though the old ones hated it, the younger members of the tribe believed every word he said: Communism was inevitable—for all the world, in fact. His tribe did not talk Russian; they were Turco-Tatars. So, in my very slow, limited, and laboured Russian, I quickly asked him to translate back to them what I was saying to him—in reply. It was:—

"If it had not have been for our American and British engineers—the engineers who directed the building of Magnitogorsk and the great Dnieper Dam—you would have had no Russia!"

HE just laughed. One of the outstanding facts of to-day's Russian character is the irritating cocksureness of the young Communists. He translated, as much as he thought worth translating, to his people. It didn't seem to be much! And I lay there almost choked with anger. There was no way I could get the truth—my truth!—across to them. They were too damned dumb. That young soldier made me, much against my will, a rabid champion of that terrible thing we call Progress.

END

a cigarette with lipstick traces

THAT line from "These Foolish Things" spoilt an otherwise delightful song for most men, for though they like to see cherry-ripe lips, they shudder at the sight of lipstick smears left on cigarettes, teacups—or their own collars. To prevent lipstick smearing too badly apply it *properly*; smooth it in, dust over with a powder-puff, then add a further touch of lipstick on top.

Wearing chipped nail varnish is another unforgivable beauty sin. Bright red nails are lovely if you have the time and enthusiasm to keep them glittering magnificently; if not, colourless varnish is much nicer.

Although a shiny nose is embarrassing, constant powdering is even more so. Noses shine because the oily, sebaceous glands are working overtime. Most effective treatment is vigorous night and morning soap-and-water washing. (The soap forms an emulsion with the oil, which is washed away in the water.)

And pity your poor husband at night. It's a bitter disappointment for a man who led a glamorous bride to the altar to have to spend his life with a greasy-creamed, curling-papered, chin-strapped wife. If you *must* sleep in curlers cover them with a piece of chiffon tied in a pretty bow on top. Use nourishing cream for massage only; wipe it off before going to bed. And if lily-white hands mean sleeping gloves, set one night in the week aside for wearing them. And if your husband is in the Forces, forget your nightly beauty routine altogether when he's home on leave. Let him go back remembering you at your loveliest. And that means using all the fascinating Icilma Beauty Aids that we've been telling you to save for special occasions. There couldn't be a more special occasion than a week's leave, could there?

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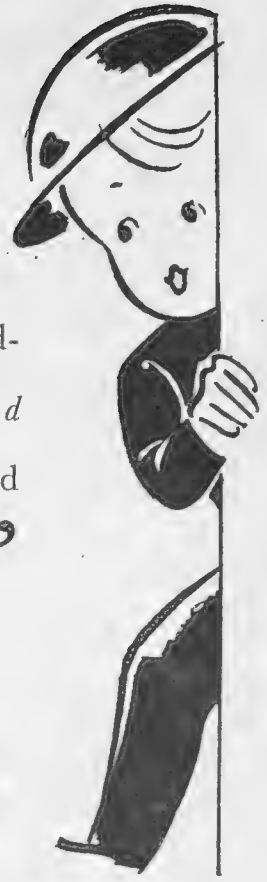

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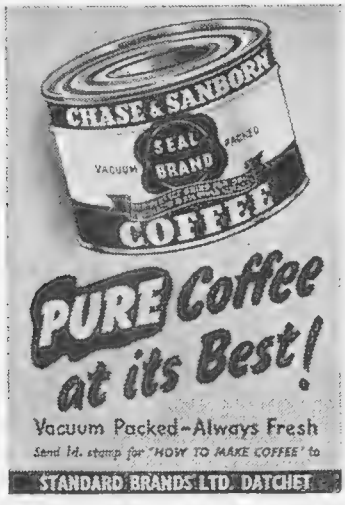

Christmas Travel in the Old Days

(*Continued from page 29*)

the Queen at Kew in an evening. The lane between me and the Thames is the only safe road I know at present, for it is up to the middle of the horses in water."

By Dickens's time John Macadam had facilitated travel on most main roads with his new surface of broken flint and granite: a boon which, according to De Quincey in 1833, had produced an increase of from five to ten miles per hour in the "average rate of velocity." But there was still, for most travellers, scant shelter from the weather.

When Mr. Pickwick and his cronies coached from London to Dingley Dell for Christmas, you will recall, they had "taken on the road quite enough of ale and brandy to enable them to bid defiance to the frost that was binding up the earth in its iron fetters." At one stop his fingers were so cold that it took him five minutes to find the sixpence to pay for the ale. The travellers were wrapped up in greatcoats, shawls, comforters; they stamped their feet to warm them, "looking with longing eyes and red noses, at the bright fire in the inn bar."

On the whole, then, the advantage would still seem to be with us. We have not much cause for complaint, even with wartime restrictions. I've a notion that Christmas travel in those "goode olde days" was mainly a matter of goode olde oaths and goode olde drinks at wayside hostelries, preferably piping hot. You arrived at your journey's end with about as much life in you as a snowman, and had to be thawed out before you could even say: "Happy Christmas."

END

Thanks For These Memories

(*Continued from page 25*)

I have closed my eyes many times in strange places at the world's cross roads and I have, with imagination, heard that sound again. It is not the clamour of New York nor the thin wail of Paris. It is more like the muffled roar of a mighty lion, a London lion calling, calling to its far-away sons, and the roar is the homeward call.

Sometimes memories are what you dream when you are awake. Let me dream a few minutes, back into the gallery at Drury Lane. It is Boxing Night and Jimmy Glover had just swung round to face the audience and play "God Save the King." Yes, they played that *before* the overture on Boxing Night. What fun there was; there was George Graves and there was Wilkie Bard, and Lord bless me, I can't remember the names of the principal boy and girl. But, George is still hail and hearty and I hope Wilkie is, too.

That's it; I've got it. There is something eternal about London, God bless it. It's always there to come back to; the Huns can bomb it; planners can put their heads into a huddle, but whatever they do, London will come out of it. That Grey Old City on the Thames will never change.

END

Das Torpedoboot Weehawken

(*Continued from page 28*)

Kapitanleutnant Schultz turned as a miscellaneous assortment of banana peelings, egg shells, and coffee grounds rained down on the ferry's spotless decks. Twenty yards inshore a tugboat captain stared at the sinking remains of the garbage scow he had been towing.

Oberleut Mueller appeared at the pilot-house door, his face a picture of bewilderment.

"I said the *starboard* torpedo, you fool!" Kapitanleutnant Schultz said angrily.

"We fired the starboard tube, sir," Oberleut Mueller replied. He pointed.

"That's port. Don't you know port from starboard?"

"It was starboard when we started, sir."

Kapitanleutnant Schultz blinked at him. He remembered that at the George Washington Bridge they had reversed the *Weehawken* instead of turning her around. The error was regrettable, but understandable.

Oberleut Klemm shook his head gloomily. "I knew we should have brought a U-boat."

The tug's captain was shouting up at them.

"Damndest thing I ever saw," he said, indicating the sinking scow with his thumb. "Somebody must have planted a bomb in it."

Kapitanleutnant Schultz pulled himself together. There was no use crying over a sunken scow, nor over a medium-sized freighter steaming unharmed to sea. They had no time for recrimination. The same error would not occur again. And meanwhile the British tanker was coming.

"Hereafter the tube which you just fired is the port tube. The other is the starboard, Oberleut," he said sternly.

Oberleut Mueller saluted. "Yes sir."

Kapitanleutnant Schultz stepped out on deck. His foot sank ankle-deep in a mess of garbage. He swore quietly.

"We'd better get that cleaned up, sir," Oberleut Mueller suggested, holding his nose.

Kapitanleutnant Schultz nodded. "Without delay," he said. He looked inshore. They were opposite a row of empty ferry slips. "We will dock briefly and wash the decks. There is not a moment to lose. Impress upon the crew the need for haste. The tanker will be passing shortly. It must be our first victim."

The test of a good officer was to keep his head in an emergency. Kapitanleutnant Schultz felt that he was doing just that. To clean the decks here in midstream would attract attention. There were bound to be questions asked about the explosion on board the garbage scow. The *Weehawken*, though, was a ferry. There was no reason why she could not enter a slip without arousing suspicion. Doing so would give the crew added confidence.

"Please make for the shore, Oberleut Klemm," he ordered.

Oberleut Klemm signalled for full speed ahead and swung the wheel. The *Weehawken* headed shoreward, leaving the tugboat captain staring incredulously at the broken framework of his scow.

Kapitanleutnant Schultz paced impatiently back and forth within the narrow confines of the pilot-house. He wondered whom they would blame for this unforeseen mishap back in Wilhelmshaven. After a while he began to feel better. No one would remember it once the *Weehawken* began sinking British ships in New York harbour in greater numbers than they had ever been sunk anywhere before. Cleaning her decks would take but a few minutes, and then she could pull out again to await the tanker.

Oberleut Klemm warped the *Weehawken* skilfully into the middle slip. Her deck-hands made her fast. Kapitanleutnant Schultz went out on deck to supervise the cleaning.

Startled to hear the rustling of many feet and the low hum of voices, he ran to the rail and looked down on the lower deck. A great mass of civilians were swarming over the *Weehawken* from the dock, pushing and shoving each other in their anxiety to get aboard.

Oberleut Mueller appeared at the wheel-house door. He was perspiring profusely.

"Three hundred passengers have come on board, sir," he reported, "and there are more coming every minute."

"Passengers! Where do they want to go?"

"Weehawken, sir. They think this is the Weehawken ferry."

Kapitanleutnant Schultz was appalled. It was bad enough to picture several hundred civilians clambering (*Continued on page 68*)

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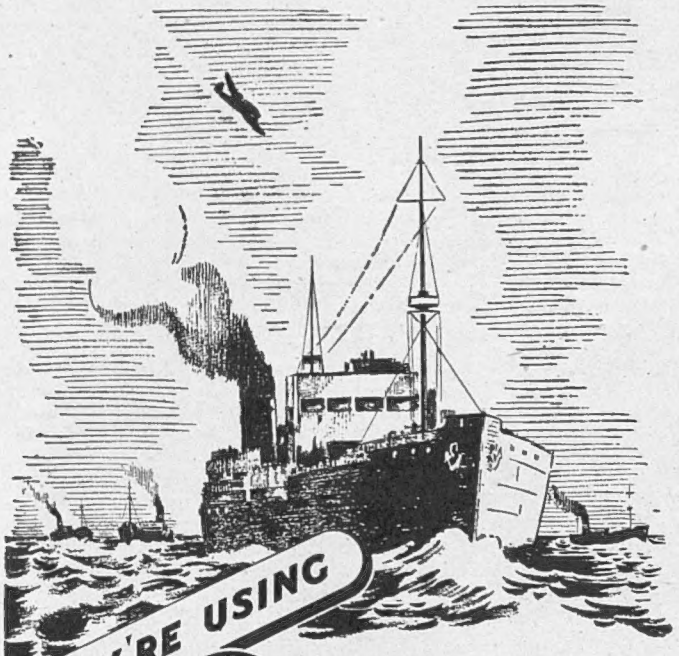

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Das Torpedoboot Weehawken

all over his ship. Under the present circumstances it could be disastrous.

"Did you try to put them off, Oberleut?"

"We couldn't very well tell them this *wasn't* the Weehawken ferry, sir."

This was the second contingency that Kapitanleutnant Schultz had failed to anticipate. He considered it carefully. It was a delicate situation, but one which, on careful consideration, was not hopeless. He came to a decision.

"Very well," he said, "we will take them to Weehawken and so get rid of them." His spirits rose. "Will you please point out to the crew, Oberleut Mueller, that this is indisputable proof of the success of our deception."

"Very good, sir."

Oberleut Mueller saluted and went away.

Kapitanleutnant Schultz had another idea. He called Mueller back and gave orders for the crew to clean the decks on the trip across the river. In that way they would be losing little or no time. He smiled at Oberleut Klemm. He was proud of the way he had handled the situation. It should take them no more than five minutes, he guessed, to reach Weehawken, and then they would be free once more to lie in wait for the British tanker.

A member of the crew shouted up that they had cast off, and Oberleut Klemm began easing the *Weehawken* out of her slip.

"How do we get to Weehawken, sir?" he asked.

Kapitanleutnant Schultz stared at him. The smile left his face and was replaced by a worried frown.

"We can't very well just go looking, sir."

Kapitanleutnant Schultz thumbed hurriedly through a stack of charts on a shelf in the wheel-house. They were charts of the Far Northern Atlantic route and of the night approaches to New York, which they had used on the voyage over, but there were none for the harbour itself. He considered asking the captain of a passing barge or tug and instantly dismissed the idea.

"Which way will I head, sir?"

Kapitanleutnant Schultz was baffled, but only for an instant. Inspiration came to him.

"Head for the opposite side and then turn north," he said. "The passengers will no doubt rush to the bow as we approach Weehawken."

His confidence had not been misplaced. The *Weehawken* had not gone far before there was a surging through her doors and out onto the deck below. Kapitanleutnant Schultz glanced shoreward. They were approaching a series of ferry slips similar to those which they had just left. He caught Oberleut Klemm's attention and pointed to them.

There had been no mistake. As the crew made the *Weehawken* fast, her passengers pressed ashore. Kapitanleutnant Schultz looked up the river again. The tanker had turned and was coming towards them. Satisfied, he returned to the wheel-house.

"As soon as we are under way you will call the crew to battle stations, Oberleut Klemm."

Oberleut Klemm appeared at the pilot-house door. He was perspiring even more profusely than before.

"More passengers have come on board, sir," he reported, "wanting to go to New York."

"What!" Kapitanleutnant Schultz had already taken more than it was reasonable to expect any man to take.

"Yes, sir. They started to come on even before the others had gone ashore. We couldn't stop them."

Kapitanleutnant Schultz considered every possible solution, but there was obviously only one thing to do. They might as well make the best of it, nourished by the sure knowledge that in the end they would triumph.

"We will take them over," he said, "but this time when we get there please take precautions to see that no more come on board. This has gone far enough."

Oberleut Mueller said: "Yes sir," and went out.

They passed the British tanker in mid-stream. Kapitanleutnant Schultz did not dare give the order to fire.

"There will be others," he told Oberleut Klemm. "Perhaps it is for the best this way. It will whet our appetites."

When they reached the New York side he went to the rail. He observed with grim satisfaction that every available member of the crew was lined up along the bow under Oberleut Mueller's direction, leaving a passage for the departing passengers but presenting a solid front against the waiting crowd on the dock.

"Prepare to ask for full speed ahead when I lower my arm," he called to Oberleut Klemm.

This time there would be no mistake. The decks below were almost cleared. Kapitanleutnant Schultz raised his arm.

The last passenger was ashore. Suddenly, as if at some unspoken signal, the waiting crowd pushed forward. The *Weehawken's* crew fought vigorously, but they were outnumbered. Some went down fighting and the others retreated. The crowd came happily aboard.

Kapitanleutnant Schultz walked slowly back to the wheel-house, where Oberleut Mueller was waiting for him.

"We did our best, sir," he reported, struggling to get his breath back. "They said they were going home for supper and that nobody was going to stop them."

Kapitanleutnant Schultz sighed wearily and went out on deck. He watched with quiet desperation as the *Weehawken* carried her passengers across the river, and in the slip on the other side he watched fresh hundreds come aboard.

The *Weehawken* shuttled back and forth monotonously. In the wheel-house Oberleut Mueller sweated over the wheel. On each trip they passed so close to heavy-laden freighters and low-lying tankers that Kapitanleutnant Schultz could have lobbed hand-grenades into them. Down in the *Weehawken's* hold lay her torpedoes.

It was growing dark. Kapitanleutnant Schultz called for Oberleut Mueller.

"Find out if this keeps up all night," he ordered.

Oberleut Mueller saluted and went away. When he returned he wore a long face.

"It does, sir," he reported. "The crews change at midnight." He looked anxiously at Kapitanleutnant Schultz. "What are we going to do, sir?"

There was only one thing to do. Kapitanleutnant Schultz knew when he was beaten. Regretfully, but firmly, he gave the necessary orders.

The next time the *Weehawken* docked in the New York side, and her passengers poured eagerly ashore, they were accompanied by Kapitanleutnant Schultz, his officers and his crew.

Furtively, without looking back, they filed on to the docks and disappeared into the night.

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

turning of a tap implies in the mind of the turner a certain trust in Providence, and is often a toss up between a drought and a deluge." He has a hesitant love affair with "look-of-smouldering-passion" Miranda of St. Catherine's who joins the WAAF. There are donnish worthies like Adams, author of "Sex in the After Life" which made thoughtless people think, though he looked as if he knew more about the latter than the former. Delightfully entertaining; urbanely Bibliolic.

Are *all* Oxford amours merely hesitant? Undergraduate Roland Eyre in Mr. Russell Green's "Flow Gently—Isis" (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.) guards his Methodist virginity scrupulously against a widow and grass-widow, and never gets beyond the "My dear Marjorie," "My dear Celia" stage befitting a draper's son from Norby (Sheffield). As friend Ramsden tells him: "You go about this vale of tears, flashing your flirtatious brilliance . . . before the eyes of romantic ladies with unsatisfied hearts, and you really expect them to be satisfied with a few poems and gallant speeches!" Still, he thinks and dreams and talks a lot . . . Mr. Green's 1913 Oxford is more for æsthetes; ecstatic though it be, it lacks the Stacpoole cakes and ale.

How young Eyre would have fared in the lusty Elizabethan days of Mr. Somers Gill's "Don Rogerio" (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.). I can't imagine. Roger and Amyas are red-Devon men. One goes to the London Court, and finds himself spying in Spain for Mr. Secretary Walsingham; the other is all for Drake, Hawkins, and the Spanish Main. Both eventually meet in the Caribbean when Amyas boards the Spanish ship in which Roger, a prisoner, serves as galley slave. A novel of piping adventure, with love at Court and in a Moorish garden, and vivid historical background.

PICTURE a large country house in Pennsylvania, now a private hotel, "L'Eau Enchantée," announcing "Antiques for Sale, Luncheon, Dinner Served." A very desenchanté young man dancing attendance on the spinsters and widows. The sudden appearance, as companion to a rich woman, of his ex-wife . . . Their marriage was broken by a domineering mother; will they not now let bygones, etc., and save themselves from the wreck? That is the theme of Miss Barbara Webster's "The Magic Water" (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.), a solid story rich with character and human interest.

And here is another human problem: If two brothers, for varying reasons, are jilted by their fiancées, how will each react? Is it better to marry someone else, on the rebound, in the hope of healing the wound; or wait until the inevitable mate comes along, as come she may? In Mr. Lewis Cox's "Wild Happiness" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) the brothers face their destiny in one way or the other, with diverse results. The happier pair are a squadron leader and a Waaf, so the interest is not only romantic but up-to-the-minute.

Would you think of killing a man by tipping hot cinders down the back of his neck while he was driving a car? That is the first of a series of baffling murders in Mr. Brian Flynn's "Reverse the Charges" (Long, 8s. 6d.), the victims of which all had names of royal historical association. Now, who on earth would want to kill people because they were called Clarence, Yorke, Norman, Stuart, and so on? Sleuth Anthony Bathurst, aiding Inspector Macmorran, explains why in a sensational climax to an original, ingenious thriller not exactly life, but plausibly near it.

So many young wives—for patriotic reasons?—seem to be making their maternal debut that there should be a stampede for Mrs. Anne Medley's "Your First Baby" (Faber, 6s.) a comprehensive survey of everything connected with babydom, pre- and post-natal. Dr. Harry Roberts, in a foreword, welcomes "the real aid it will give to many anxious young wives with no experience or no wise friend to guide them."

END

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 18s. 6d. per annum, 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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